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Contents

The Week	252
Editorials	
The Anthracite Deadlock	254
The War Debt Humbug	257
The Florida Madness	258
General Articles	
Those Vanished Fortunes Charles O. Hardy	260
Consciousness and the Religious Life..Herbert Croly	262
Nocturne, New Moon (Verse) A. E. Coppard	265
The French Franc	J. M. Keynes 266
Washington Notes	T. R. B. 268
The Art of Arthur Dove	Waldo Frank 269
The Sacred City	Lewis Mumford 270
Mr. Walter Hampden	Stark Young 272
Correspondence	273
Reviews of Books	
Annals and Ideas	Lyman Bryson 274
The Heroes of Chautauqua.....A. W. Vernon	275
Magdalena Bach	Margaret Evans 275
Abroad in Christianity	C. E. Ayres 276
Inadequate Biography	M. E. F. 277

The Week

THE moral stock of the professional optimist might now be expected to take a leap skyward. Our foreign trade is booming, and what is most encouraging from the conventional American point of view, it is the export trade that is booming especially. Last year we exported goods worth \$4,908,000,000, a volume exceeding that of any year since 1920, when we were helping to fill the void left by the War. Compare our 1925 figures with 1913. In that year we exported \$2,484,000,000 and thought we were doing something remarkable. Whatever the War did to the exports of England, France, Germany, Italy, it shoved us well ahead. We did harvest figs from thistles, after all. We imported in 1925 a colossal volume of goods, too: \$4,224,000,000. That is another reason for congratulating ourselves. It shows how mighty we are economically, that we can ingest a mountain like that and feel never a qualm. In 1913 we strained a bit over \$1,792,000,000.

BUT the best part of the story is that we continue to sell more than we buy. Our excess of exports last year was \$684,000,000—good enough, if not so good as the year before when we put the world

into our debt by \$981,000,000. We have been piling up excess exports consistently, for many years, and on this account the world owes us now eleven or twelve billions. The interest on this debt must average 6 percent, and this means that we have at least \$660,000,000 to add to our visible balance of trade. Also, we shipped abroad last year \$134,000,000 in gold more than we imported. Further, England owes us and pays us about \$160,000,000 a year on her debt, and our other creditors may be able to pay enough to raise the sum to \$200,000,000. Say our tourists spend half a billion abroad and that remittances to other persons living abroad amount to a quarter billion; say that we pay another quarter billion for the service of foreign ships, insurance, etc. Our net balance will still figure out nearly \$700,000,000 for last year. We shall add at least so much to our magnificent foreign estate.

HOW could a better showing be made? And yet a great many of our ablest financiers are shaking their heads over our financial situation. Everything is booming, to be sure. Car loadings look right; orders booked by the steel companies look right; the labor situation, except for the coal strike, looks right; the movement of commodities looks right; agriculture is not so depressed as it was; we are to get a large measure of tax reduction; Coolidge is in his Heaven. —And yet, find a level-headed financier if you can who will assure you, without propagandist intent, that the financial skies will be serene next June. You ask where the weak spot is to be found, and the chances are two to one that the answer will be: in our foreign trade. Whether our foreign estate of eleven billions is a sound investment or not depends on world prosperity, not ours.

AND how do conditions stand abroad? In England the coal trade and shipping are still badly depressed. Unemployment stubbornly holds its own. In Germany there are still quick alternations of hope and despair. The financial and industrial structure is far from stable. Germany has never liquidated fully the weaknesses arising in the period of monetary anarchy. The French budget has not been balanced; the franc has not been stabilized;

there is no unity or force in the political management of the nation. Italy has the stability of a debt-ridden country gentleman who keeps a pack of bear hounds to bay the collectors away. If Mussolini happened to collapse there would undoubtedly be lively doings in Italian finance. England, Germany, France and Italy stand each, therefore, in a position which is inherently precarious. Any crisis affecting one would gravely compromise the others. A collapse of Mussolini and the lira might easily drag the franc down; a crisis involving Italy and France would shake German and British finance to their foundations.

LET us rejoice, though, while we may, over our fine figures for foreign trade. Rejoicing is a splendid activity, and we are self-indulgent folk, with the rare ability to make a virtue out of what an older world has classed as a vice. But when we have rejoiced with due moderation, might we not be expected to take thought? How can we preserve this prosperity of our foreign trade and the domestic prosperity bound up with it? Have we done all that might be expected of us toward stabilizing French finances, toward easing off Mussolini, toward straightening out the German tangles, toward supporting the financial position of England? If we are impotent to exert any influence in these directions, our responsibility ends there, but not our responsibility for looking after our own spars and rigging before the hurricane sweeps down upon us.

FOR the gallant fight which Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania is making on behalf of a sound settlement of the coal strike and public control over the anthracite coal monopoly we have nothing but admiration. He has arrayed against him all the power of organized wealth, organized politics and organized corruption in that state of the American Union which is most completely bought and paid for, but he continues indefatigably to assert what he believes to be the public interest against delinquent public officials, corrupt politicians and greedy business men. It is impossible to discuss intelligently his latest proposal to make the anthracite coal industry into a state public utility until the text of his bills is published, but the chief value of the proposal, if it is embodied in legislation, is that it will give the Supreme Court an opportunity of deciding whether any public authority now has the power to regulate the anthracite coal industry. If the bills are passed, that is, the only immediate result will be a lawsuit. The operators expect to defeat state regulation on the ground that anthracite coal is not a public utility, and they expect to defeat federal legislation on the ground that the industry is intra-state. Until the Supreme Court decides the question, all legislation will be suspended, and any political action will have to be taken by the executive with the consent of both parties or after the defeat of one.

FROM the testimony already elicited by Senator Walsh's Committee it seems clear that the Department of Justice has, to say the least, neglected seriously and vigorously to investigate the charge that the Aluminum Company of America had violated the decree of 1912. Special Agent Dunn to whom the investigation was primarily entrusted was absurdly under-equipped for the job, and his methods in carrying it on were incredibly desultory and dilatory. If this testimony affords a fair indication of the diligence with which the Department of Justice prosecutes or prepares to prosecute offenders under the Sherman Anti-trust Law, it is no wonder that so many prosecutions fail. Of course, in the present instance there was probably a special reason for the lack of diligence. If the Department of Justice, which is only an agency of President Coolidge's personal will, decided that the Aluminum Company of America which is owned and controlled by the family of his agent, the Secretary of the Treasury, had broken its agreement with the government, Mr. Coolidge would have been landed in a most embarrassing predicament. Either the Department of Justice would have had to admit to a mistake or the Secretary of the Treasury would have stood accused by the President of having acted in culpable bad faith in his relation to the law and the government which he had sworn to uphold. Such being the circumstances it would have been fantastic for an Attorney-General acting in the name of the President to have incurred the risk of indicting and trying for illegal practices a corporation which was owned by another member of the Cabinet and his family.

IT IS extremely probable, however, that a large percentage of the special agents who are employed by the Department of Justice in conducting similar investigations are men whose equipment and ability are approximately equal to those of Mr. Dunn. The government pays mediocre salaries for these jobs. Men who are thoroughly trained, ambitious and enterprising cannot afford to take them. Sometimes an unusually energetic official can group around himself a handful of young men who will do intelligent and energetic work for salaries which are too small to permit them to marry, but such cases are necessarily exceptional. For the most part the work of digging up the information which the government needs in order to find out whether the laws are being violated is at present necessarily turned over to men who have not made a success in private employment and drift into public service because it provides safe and easy employment and occasionally some pickings. With such agents, it is no wonder that so many prosecutions fail.

ON April 15, 1920, the paymaster of a factory at South Braintree, Mass., and his guard were held up, robbed of a payroll of \$15,000 and killed. The bandits made a get-away. Early in May two well

known Italian radicals were arrested and a year later put on trial for the murders. The arrests took place at the height of Mitchell Palmer's Red Terror and the trial proceeded while the Red hysteria loosed by Palmer and continued by Daugherty still impregnated the community. The conviction of these two men, in view of the circumstances of the time and the course of the trial gave rise to what is now known the world over as the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Its significance of course rests in the widespread concern lest under the forms of law two innocent men are on the way to the gallows, convicted not on proof of complicity in murder but of avowed espousal of radicalism. But the case has also meaning for the prevailing discontent with the administration of criminal justice. The trial against Sacco and Vanzetti was concluded on July 14, 1921, and the appeal from their conviction has only just been argued before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts—five and a half years after the commission of the crime and four and a half years after the conclusion of the trial.

HERE is a far-reaching defect in our criminal procedure. It is immaterial where the blame lies for this leaden-footed justice—whether with the trial court in the long-delayed disposition of motions for new trial or with the prosecution or with the defense or with all three. The fact remains that in the jurisdiction which boasts most of the quality of its judicial administration, it has taken four and a half years for an appeal in a notorious murder case to travel from the trial court to the appellate tribunal. Either a just conviction has been for long resisted or two innocent men have been incarcerated under the most harrowing circumstances for an intolerable length of time. As a glaring instance of our ways of criminal justice the Sacco-Vanzetti case presents another scandal. Well over \$200,000 has been collected in individual contributions ranging from pennies to relatively large amounts to enable these two obscure Italians, outcasts according to the accepted social beliefs of America, to vindicate their assertions of innocence and to secure consideration of their claim of miscarriage of justice. Something is the matter somewhere when so vast an amount is needed for defense.

THE case is now awaiting decision on errors of law alleged to have been committed by the trial court. The judge, it is claimed, fell into serious errors in the conduct of the trial as well as in his decision on motions for a new trial based upon facts disclosed after conviction. Comment upon these matters must await the decision of the state Supreme Court. It is argued that it would be a serious blow to the prestige of American law for the Supreme Court of Massachusetts to find that in a capital case judge and prosecutor were swept from their moorings, not through malevolence against innocent defendants nor the taint of corruption but

through fear—the fear of the Red hysteria which swept over the country and not the least over New England and caught even the best in its undertow, as the Nestor of the Boston bar, Mr. Moorfield Storey, recently acknowledged. For the essence of the argument made on behalf of the defendants by Mr. William G. Thompson, a conservative leader of the Boston bar, is that Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted not on the strength of proof but by prejudice systematically exploited in the jury's mind and through serious abuse of office both by the judge and by the prosecutor, all referable to the fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were despised socialists and pacifists. It is shocking to have it urged in any quarter that, even if Mr. Thompson's charges be true, it is dangerous to admit such fallibility in the administration of our criminal law. Faith in Massachusetts will not be strengthened by reluctance to find the agencies of justice subverted in a crucial test. Rather will belief in the even-handed rule of law be vindicated and promoted by rigorous facing of the facts—lead where they may.

The Anthracite Deadlock

THE rupture of the negotiations between the anthracite operators and the miner's union confronts the American public with the prospect of one of the most prolonged, costly and embittered industrial conflicts in the history of the country. Before it is done thousands of miners and their families will have had to endure severe privations and suffering, a great industry will have been crippled for a long time and a majority of the American people will have been put to more or less inconvenience or hardship. These hardships are not yet intolerable. If they were, the popular demand for a settlement would have become sharper and more imperative than it now is. But in a few months it will become imperative, and despite Mr. Coolidge's reluctance either the state or the federal government or both will intervene. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has already called the legislature into special session for the purpose of dealing with the crisis; and if he fails the President will probably be forced to act. As the issue is certain to come up for political decision, American citizens should acquaint themselves with the facts and consider which of the contending parties deserves coercion and for what purpose.

Anthracite coal is unique among American industries in one respect. On the side of management it is a closely controlled and completely organized business with many characteristics of a monopoly. The supply of anthracite is localized and limited. Profits are high in three-quarters of the mines, and they are superimposed in many instances on huge royalties. The owners of other completely controlled industries have usually contrived to operate them without union labor, but in this instance the opposite is true. In some districts

the workers are one hundred percent organized, and in all districts the union miners form a considerable majority of the labor. In the event of a strike non-unionists are not allowed to show their faces. The industry presents, consequently, the spectacle of an essential commodity whose production is controlled by two powerful organizations. Both the operators and miners are capable of fighting without any break in the ranks for indefinite periods and neither of them is disposed or forced to consider the consumer's interests. The industry, as now organized, is not effectively conscious of public responsibility. There have been many strikes since 1903 and their cost, whether in wages or expense of management, has been infallibly passed on to the consumer.

The present strike is the direct result of this division of the industry into two independent governments, neither of which is satisfied with its present share of control. The operators do not ostensibly seek to destroy the union, but they are determined to rid themselves of an obligation to bargain with it which permits the union at the expiration of every agreement to try to use its economic power in favor of better terms of employment. They propose as a substitute compulsory arbitration, which they represent to the public as an orderly method of adjudicating conflicts of policy and interest with due regard for all relevant interests. The organized miners are opposed to such arbitration for one simple reason. It prohibits them from taking advantage of their collective strength to improve their position in the industry, while it leaves the power of the operator over management, profits and prices intact. They are willing in certain conditions to arbitrate particular disputes, but if they consented to the arbitration of all disagreements for an indefinite period, they would deprive their union of any vital function or any substantial claim on the loyalty of its members. They would be submitting their economic future to the judgment of a tribunal without any understanding in advance as to the economic or social principles which would regulate its decisions. When it fights arbitration of this kind, the union is fighting for its life.

Fair-minded people have recognized that in opposing compulsory arbitration the union had a real case, but that, on the other hand, the consumers, if not the operators, could reasonably ask for the modification of a system of collective bargaining which results in so many interruptions of production and in so much public loss. They have hoped, consequently, as the outcome of the strike, for the invention and introduction of some new machinery of joint control under public supervision which would diminish the possibility of strikes and which would bring constitutional government, coöperation between management and labor and technical progress to the industry. In order to remove the obstacles to the establishment of such a system, both sides would have been obliged to make substantial con-

cessions. Have either or both or neither of them risen to the occasion?

In the course of the recent negotiations the two parties to the dispute have each offered or accepted plans of adjustment, and these plans were both advertised as embodying the kind of concessions which should have permitted a sound agreement to be reached. The miners accepted the Pinchot plan which abandoned compulsory arbitration and which set up an official agency for ascertaining the facts and mediating in future disputes but which ruled out any increase in wages unless it could be derived from profits without the exaction of higher prices from the consumer. The operators accepted the Markle plan which insisted on compulsory arbitration for twenty years, but which required them to open their books and disclose their profits. The operators indignantly rejected the Pinchot plan on the ground that it imposed the whole burden of the settlement on them, while the miners declared that the Markle plan deprived them of self-government without guaranteeing to them any fair consideration of their interests and welfare. Governor Pinchot has endorsed the miners' position in this respect, while the *New York World*, which is more friendly to organized labor than most newspapers, has backed up the operators and is now itself calling for compulsory arbitration.

As a matter of fact both parties to the dispute did agree to important concessions which may help eventually to improve the organization of the industry. By waiving for five years any claims to higher wages unless they could be paid out of profits without increased cost to the consumer, the union did recognize a responsibility for the consumer's point of view which it had never recognized before, and it did renounce the immediate intention of using its collective strength exclusively for the benefit of its own members. But the Pinchot plan would have compensated them for these concessions by introducing into the management of the industry a direct correlation between wages and high profits which would have worked ultimately to their emphatic advantage. If the operators had accepted the Governor's proposal, they would not only have been obliged to give up their fight for compulsory arbitration, but they would have agreed to a novel principle of wage-adjustment which they have always opposed. Hence the plan, if adopted, would have been equivalent to a net victory for the miners. On the other hand the adoption of the Markle plan would have been equivalent to an even more decisive victory for the operators. For while it preserved some of the forms of collective bargaining, the ultimate decisions with respect to the position of labor in the industry were entrusted to representatives of the "public" and no matter what these decisions were, the miners agreed in advance to accept them. The publicity of accounts, which the plan provided for, was a genuine concession, but it did not have the kind or amount of significance which is some-

times attributed to it. The plan did not propose any rule whereby facts about profits, costs of management and prices should be considered relevant to the question of wage determination. Its author carefully refrained from proposing any clear and direct correlation between high profits and high wages.

If this interpretation of the negotiations is correct, there is certainly no reason for any one who believed that the union had a sound case in the beginning to withdraw support from it now. The miners conceded a great deal—more, we think, than did the operators. What they did not and could not concede was compulsory arbitration. By introducing this demand into the negotiation and insisting on it, the operators raised an issue which the miners could not compromise without devitalizing their union. One's attitude towards the quarrel should still be determined by one's opinion as to the statesmanship of the operators' attack on the union by demanding the substitution of compulsion for consent as the dominating principle in the government of the industry. The New Republic for reasons which it has frequently stated is opposed to compulsory arbitration. It may be necessary and desirable with the consent of both parties to arbitrate particular disputes, but when the workers in an industry are sufficiently united and self-conscious to set up a representative organization to bargain collectively with their employers, the proposal to entrust the labor problems of an industry to legislation by an authority which can dispense with the consent of the organized workers is a retrograde, undemocratic and unstatesmanlike plan.

But while the miners are, in our opinion, justified in refusing to consider compulsory arbitration, their sympathizers must admit that the policy of Mr. Lewis has been adapted neither to the winning of popular support nor to the attainment of the miners' proper ends. The "public" has a clear grievance. Repeatedly it has been put to the utmost inconvenience by being deprived of its chief source of warmth for domestic purposes; and it was always forced to pay during and after the strikes an increased price for its coal. The operators have based their policy throughout the present contest on the existence of this public grievance. They insist that only by compulsory arbitration will the consumers obtain their needed coal at a fair price. Their claim is unjustified, but it is specious and not without some apparently supporting facts. Unless collective bargaining can be made to work better than it does, the spokesmen for the union will find it difficult to retort in words which will appease the ill-temper of the aggrieved consumer.

Inasmuch as the method of collective bargaining necessarily involves the danger of strikes and of consequent inconvenience and hardship to the public, it is necessary if the union is to obtain public sympathy in such trying conditions, to show more concern than it has done for the efficiency of the

industry and the interests of the consumer. When collective bargaining results incessantly in disagreements rather than in agreements, it usually means that the organization of the industry conceals unadjusted conflicts among the interests of its owners, its workers, and the consumers of the product; and unless a reorganization is effected which adjusts these conflicts, there will be an almost irresistible pressure to substitute some form of government by compulsion for government by consent. In the anthracite coal industry such conflicts undoubtedly exist. They are caused by the huge profits which the low-cost mines earn as compared to the high-cost mines and by the fact that the wage scale is determined by the labor expense which the high-cost mines, whose output, it is said, amounts to only twenty-five percent of the whole, can afford to assume. The miners are striving to seize a share of these excess profits. But the consumers are also entitled to more benefit from the output of the low-cost mines than they now receive and in this respect their interest runs parallel to that of the workers. The ultimate victory of the union and its success in avoiding compulsory arbitration will depend on the ability of its leaders to promote interest on the part of the consumer in a reorganization of the industry which will release the excess and essentially unearned profits for the benefit both of the people who consume the coal and for those who labor to produce it.

At different times union leaders in the anthracite districts have proposed something of this kind. But they have never received support from Mr. Lewis. He has always been too much afraid of being called a radical to associate proposals for a statesmanlike reorganization of the industry with the demands of the union for an increased share of its product. The union will occupy a much stronger position with the intelligent public as soon as it makes itself frankly responsible for a proposal to unify the industry which will make possible a distribution of the excess profits of the low-cost mines among both the wage-earners and the consumers. But they should in addition associate this proposal with a clear indication of their own willingness to cooperate in eliminating from the production of coal all unnecessary expense and waste. If the industry is going to recover its prosperity after the strike is over and if it is going to meet successfully the increased competition from substitutes for anthracite, which the strike will have brought about, it will need a general increase in efficiency to which it is necessary for labor no less than management to contribute. If the union wishes to divide with the management responsibility for the government of the industry, its leaders must show some of the qualities of statesmen. They must convince the consumer that only by the unification of the industry can the obstacles be removed to the production of the largest tonnage of coal at the lowest price and under conditions which will both stimulate efficiency and improve the standard of living of the workers.

The War Debt Humbug

IF Congress reflects public opinion accurately in the United States, most of our compatriots still believe that a substantial part of the war debts of the Allies should and will be paid. The settlement with Italy has just been ratified by the House, and those who voted against it did so principally on the ground that the promises which it embodies are not ample enough. The Belgian and other minor agreements have gone through. A new attempt is to be made by the French to reach a settlement, apparently on the Italian model. What Democratic opposition there has been to the tax bill in the Senate proceeded on the assumption that foreign debt payments may be used to amortize Liberty bonds. This belief is, in our opinion, completely erroneous, and to act upon it is to lay up for ourselves and Europe endless trouble.

Elsewhere in this issue Mr. John Maynard Keynes advances a suggestion to the French finance minister for balancing his budget. Without a balanced budget the French government cannot even begin to build up a surplus out of which to pay us. Mr. Keynes's suggestion is based on the premise that it is impossible to collect enough in taxes to meet the present necessary expenses, that repudiation of a large part of the burden of internal debt in one way or another is called for. Dr. Harold G. Moulton reached the same conclusion in his study, *The French Debt Problem*. To be sure, Mr. Keynes favors indirect repudiation—beyond that which has already taken place—by a further rise in the internal price level; Dr. Moulton favors direct repudiation by reducing the rate of interest. But the bearing on a possible payment of the foreign debt is the same. Suppose either suggestion is adopted. Either would barely produce a balance. Neither would make any allowance for payments to America or Britain. In order to finance these it would be necessary to increase taxes much more than either of these authorities on the subject believes possible, or else voluntarily to repudiate a still larger part of the internal debt by further price inflation or further interest cuts. Let any candid person ask himself whether this is likely to happen, or imagine with what political upheavals it would probably be accompanied. To expect a voluntary sacrifice of this magnitude by any nation is to count on an incredible degree of financial rectitude.

As a matter of fact we doubt whether any French government will be able to do even as much as Mr. Keynes or Dr. Moulton suggests. Few governments in Europe which have had serious currency problems since the War have been able to stabilize without a dictatorship—open or veiled. In Germany, Austria and Hungary that dictatorship has rested on the threat of victorious foreign bayonets, as well as on the financial supremacy of American bankers. Italy under Mussolini nearly achieved sta-

bilization, but is beginning to slip again. Poland is not yet out of the woods. Czecho-Slovakia alone among nations of consequence on the Continent seems to have taken the heroic deflation medicine without having it forced down her throat, and she did so at an earlier stage of the disease than France now suffers.

What will probably happen in France is that while making efforts to raise taxes and reduce expenses the government, no matter what its political complexion, will be obliged constantly to increase its indebtedness to the Bank of France in order to meet immediately necessary obligations. The result must be a continued expansion of the note circulation until, as in Germany, it becomes worthless, and the internal debt together with all private mortgages and bonds is automatically cancelled. Mr. Keynes's suggestion would doubtless be a means of avoiding such a catastrophe, if only the intervening period could be bridged over while the government was waiting for internal prices to rise and for tax collections to catch up with current expenses. But that is the crucial difficulty; we do not see how the government could avoid borrowing from the Bank of France, and hence further expansion of the note circulation during the process. And that, of course, would indefinitely postpone the solution. Inflation is a progressive disease, harder to cure the worse it gets. As for Dr. Moulton's prescription, his book indicates that he does not believe it politically acceptable.

Imagine, then, a France in which the rentiers as well as the private bond and mortgage holders had been deprived of their investments, with all the political uproar that would accompany such a state of affairs. Imagine the United States approaching such a France and saying, as we should have to say if we demanded payment, "Now that you have repudiated your internal debts, you can stand larger taxes, produce a budgetary surplus, and pay us." Any French government which was representative of national sentiment would have to fight before it would do so. The Allies did say substantially this to defeated and occupied Germany, and Germany was forced to accept their proposal as the less objectionable alternative. Even then the machinery set up to administer the plan had to be non-German. But with France, an associate and ally, such a procedure is inconceivable. The pressure of revalidation of the internal debt before foreign payments were made would have to be given right of way.

All this, be it noted, concerns practical considerations which precede the theoretical question whether France really could pay, or the question whether she should be forced to pay, if the proper situation and the machinery for handling payment existed. There is still the doubt whether the payment could be transferred without a disastrous influence on the exchanges, whether a sufficient export surplus could be permanently maintained, and

whether, if these two difficulties could be overcome, it would be wise or fair to demand of the French population the sacrifice in their standards of living which would undoubtedly be necessary. These are the considerations which have led us in previous articles to the conclusion that even in the case of Germany reparations either cannot or should not be paid. How much more strongly do they apply to a nation which has never admitted, as Germany under duress has been forced to admit, any responsibility for starting the War, and is being asked to pay, not damages to former enemies, but debts to friendly peoples!

If consequently France now negotiates an agreement to pay, she will be stooping to the same kind of deception—enforced on her by American public opinion—which Italy has already accepted. She will be agreeing to pay small amounts in the present and immediate future, which will not be genuine payments, but will be covered by loans of American private bankers to her, and to pay large amounts a generation or two hence, which informed persons know will never be paid. And on this structure will be erected new private loans to French government and business, which will have no adequate security until the agreement to pay the war debt is cancelled.

How about Great Britain, who is already paying the agreed installments on her debt? Well, she may be able to carry on according to contract, especially if within the Empire there develop large enough values out of scarce raw materials sold to us at high prices, such as rubber and oil. But if Germany does not pay, and France does not pay, and Italy does not pay, and Britain does not recover her pre-war standard of living, we think it probable that there will be strong pressure for revision of the agreement, which it will be difficult if not unjust for the United States to ignore. The same logic applies with equal force to the Belgian and other minor settlements which have already been signed.

We believe that within five years the untenability of the present assumption that reparations and debts are going to be paid in any appreciable measure will be sufficiently clear so that a readjustment will be made, which will consider the international financial situation as one problem, and will proceed to a general liquidation of the war obligations. We believe that many of those in positions of authority in this country as well as abroad are already conscious of this probability, and are now acting a play of pious humbuggery merely because they think public opinion will have to be educated to the truth by degrees and would not stand the shock of a sudden revelation. For this truth is—is it not?—that the War was a huge net loss to everyone engaged, victors as well as vanquished, and that wealth spent in such a destructive enterprise can never be recovered.

The Florida Madness

THE great Florida madness has now become one of the outstanding social phenomena of the present day. Books are being written about it; sermons are preached on it, and its economic repercussions are felt throughout the country. California is suffering a depression in her tourist trade and a slump in her real estate sales, both of which she attributes to the diversion of interest from herself. In some sections of the Middle West so many wealthy persons have moved their interests to Florida that banks and other institutions which are affected have resorted to extensive newspaper advertising in the endeavor to put a halt to the exodus.

Miami newspapers publish as a matter of course daily editions of a hundred pages or more, filled with real estate advertising; bank clearings in that city for a recent month were reported to be ten times as large as they were one year earlier. This winter, as last, the railroads have been swamped by the enormous floods of freight and express, and have had to put into effect an embargo on everything except foodstuffs. Even the U. S. mails have been delayed, as Tampa lately found out during her smallpox epidemic, when urgently needed vaccines were held up. Despite the quantities of new hotels which pop up almost daily, all over the landscape, getting a roof over his head is a desperate problem for the fresh-landed visitor, unless he has made reservations months ahead.

The roads are filled with tin-can tourists, whole families coming by automobile, many of them poverty-stricken persons possessed of a few dollars and a second-hand Ford; they expect to be millionaires tomorrow, having a childish faith in Florida's possibilities which outruns that of Ponce de Leon. In every Southern state are to be found hundreds of these motor vagabonds, who have stranded on the way and are now dependent on the local municipal authorities. Within Florida itself thousands more of these persons live in tourist camps and city health officials are trembling in their boots over the dangerously insanitary conditions created both in the camps and in the mushroom municipalities.

The economic aspect of the matter is not the one with which we are concerned in this article; but it may be worth while to mention in passing the virtual certainty that many thousands of persons who have invested their whole savings will be wiped out. It is true that at least until the past few weeks, prices continued to advance, thereby flouting the pessimists who predicted a year or two years ago that the top had been reached. Yet the Florida phenomenon is undeniably a boom; and it is characteristic of a boom that it shall first outrun the increase in values which could be based upon the actual addition to the population and then collapses when this fact becomes plain. Without doubt, Florida is destined to be the great winter playground of all North America.

Even after the crash realty values should remain far greater than they were before the market ran away. Present activities, however, are based upon no calculation of any sort as to the possible future growth. The boom is built upon hope, and a false assumption that recent history will continue to repeat itself indefinitely in the future. It is perfectly possible that if every person in the United States who can afford to do so were to buy a home in Florida tomorrow, the town sites already laid out would still not be fully occupied.

However, the man with Floriditis is probably past the stage where statistics can act as a deterrent. As is always the case with the victim of a boom, he expects to be shrewder than anyone else, and to sell out during the moment between the end of the rise and the collapse of prices. Meanwhile, the question which seems to us even more interesting than when the inflation will end is, Why did it ever come into existence?

In small part, the present Florida madness may be attributed to skilful advertising by a few daring real estate promoters; but by far the most important factor is the change in the people of the United States themselves. There is first of all the huge increase in our national wealth which has made the whole phenomenon possible. No previous civilization has ever been able to maintain such a vast quantity of people in idleness for long months each year. There is, second, the restlessness which makes this enormous portion of the middle class willing to break its life up into segments passed in environments completely different from one another. This restlessness should not, in our judgment, be confused with the old American pioneer spirit. There is a small amount of pioneering going on in Florida, but it is not the outstanding characteristic; most of the tourists are in an utterly different frame of mind. With plenty of persons, to be sure, the gambling instinct is paramount, and this might be called one aspect of the psychology of the pioneer. The desire to make money in a hurry without performing any useful labor is contagious, and catches all sorts of visitors: they go to rest and remain to prey.

The Florida migration also indicates a widespread desire for soft living. This may not be new, but has been at any rate unsuspected until the present generation. There was a time when the mere notion that hundreds of thousands of Americans would go to great expense and no small degree of trouble primarily to avoid the rigors of a winter in the North, would have been greeted with incredulous scorn. There is every evidence that this desire for soft living, whether or not it was latent in us in the past, has today become an important aspect of American civilization as a whole. We are all practitioners in greater or less degree of the new hedonism. We insist on living, if not for pleasure alone, at least a life of which comfort and ease are predominant aspects. This is not merely true of the much-abused younger generation, and of

those among their elders who have always defied the Puritan formula. Even the most rigid fundamentalist maintains his right to lead a life with plenty of steam heat and fried chicken in it. He may preach the awfulness of hell fire, but he wants to spend his winters at the highest obtainable temperature. The Baptist belt contributes much more than its quota to the annual Florida rush.

More than this, behind the restlessness and hedonism, it is possible to read in the yearly southern hegira a reaction to the whole present tendency of our civilization itself. People who lived genuinely satisfactory lives would not willingly be pulled up by the roots and transplanted for long months of each year to a place where life is on an unreal basis and all social contacts and activities are ephemeral. The mere physical difficulties of life, particularly in our highly mechanized, overcrowded cities, may be a factor in causing people to seek to escape, even though they reach in the end another community equally mechanized. Certainly the America of today which finds its physical basis increasingly in hotel and apartment house life, with its incessant use of the automobile (of which there are now four for each five families) its never-ending search for outside stimulation, gratified through the radio, the motion picture, the floods of cheap fiction magazines, the dance craze, the bridge craze—such an America gives its population no opportunity to strike its roots very far into any soil. To carry out the figure: it resembles a gourd-vine, covering vast territory but never going high or deep. This civilization is richer, in terms of material wealth, than any other which has ever existed. Its proliferation of things is unparalleled in all history, and alone makes possible the astounding waste (in a strict economic sense) of Florida with its hundreds of thousands of persons abstaining from all labor, mental or physical, useful or otherwise. To be sure, such a civilization possesses enormous potentialities for good: no one dares put any limit to the achievements which are possible under it. Yet the Florida madness is itself sufficient proof that this civilization is still far from having found its equilibrium.

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Those Vanished Fortunes

The Great Mellon Myth about the Tax-exempt Bonds

EVER since powerful political interests committed themselves to the advocacy of much lower surtaxes and the abolition of tax-exempt securities, we have heard a great deal about the declining number of very large incomes in the United States. Incomes of \$300,000 or more, we have been reminded again and again, declined in number from 1,296 in 1916 to 246 in 1921—and high surtaxes began in 1917. Lower surtax rates, moreover, were adopted in 1921, and by 1923 the number of large incomes had risen to 542. What could be clearer than that the ebb and flow of huge incomes has been controlled by the rise and fall of the surtax? And since state and municipal bonds yield a return exempt from surtax, is it not equally clear that investment in tax-exempt securities must have been the device through which the great incomes have escaped from the grasp of the tax gatherer?

Arguments of substantially this character have been the most effective ammunition used by advocates of the Mellon plan and similar "plans" for reduction of the surtaxes, but the case has never been really convincing to anyone who gave thought to the alternative explanations. Surtax rates and large incomes were not the only things that swung sharply in one direction from 1916 to 1920 and in the opposite direction from 1921 to 1924. Those were stormy years. War contracts came and went. Changes in interest rates, commodity prices, the course of the stock market, building activity, and public utility and railway rates, brought sudden and drastic changes in the fortunes of both rich and poor. Hence, many students have thought it hardly fair to expect the surtax rates and the tax-exempt securities to carry the load of responsibility which has been thrust upon them. (See for instance an editorial in the *New Republic* of January 23, 1924, *Overworking the Tax-exempts*, and Professor E. M. Patterson's supplement to the *New Republic* of November 4, 1925.)

The most satisfactory way, if not the only way, to test the validity of the popular theory would be to examine the changes in the amounts of income received by wealthy individuals from various sources from year to year and see whether most of the decreases have occurred in those kinds of income which could readily be affected by a shifting of investment into tax-exempt securities. Taxable bond interest, for example, would certainly be greatly reduced by such shifting. Dividends and rents we would expect to find affected in a lesser degree, while salaries and profits of business and speculation are the items least likely to be cut down for the purpose of avoiding surtaxes.

Hitherto, however, it has not been possible to make a conclusive test of the theory in this way because our statistics have not been so compiled as to make the facts clear. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has published from year to year the number of individuals in each income group and the amount of their income from various sources, such as interest, dividends, salaries, profits of business, and profits from sales of capital assets. But because the number of individuals in these groups is constantly changing, it is impossible to make an accurate comparison of their income from each source from year to year, so as to show which kinds of income are responsible for the disappearance of so many individuals from the upper groups.

If John Jonathan Smith had, in 1916, an income of \$100,000, \$40,000 of which was from dividends and \$60,000 from interest and rents, and if in 1917 his dividends were cut to \$30,000, he dropped out of the \$100,000 class. The income of that class was thus decreased not merely by the actual \$10,000 reduction of dividends, but also by \$30,000 more of dividends and \$60,000 of interest and rents which were transferred to a lower class. Only a classification which kept John J. in a group with the same individuals year after year would show just what changes took place in the size and make-up of their incomes.

Now comes the Senate Committee investigating the Bureau of Internal Revenue, commonly known as the Couzens Committee, with a bona fide investigation which throws more light on the question than has resulted from all the speeches and pamphlets that have been written on the subject during five years of discussion. The data which the Committee has used are drawn from the same returns as are the published statistics, and the classification of income is similar, but the arrangement is such that changes in one kind of income do not cause apparent changes in others. The grouping for the entire period is based on the returns for 1916; so that each group consists of the same individuals for the entire period. In this way we are given a separate picture of the changes in each kind of income.

The Committee has obtained, so far as the records are available in the files of the Treasury Department, abstracts of the returns for the years 1916-24, of all individuals who reported net taxable incomes of \$100,000 or more in 1916. For 3,917 out of 6,633 individuals, the reports are complete for the entire nine-year period. Of the remainder, 1,134 have died since 1916; about 600 returns are missing throughout the series; and in the other cases the returns are missing or incomplete for one or more years. The tables of data are

too bulky to be reproduced here, but we may summarize the more important items.

As we should expect, the average net taxable income of these individuals decreased steadily from 1916 to 1921 except for a slight recovery in 1919, and since 1921 it has moved slowly upward. In 1916 it was about \$291,000; in 1921, \$90,000; in 1924, \$147,000.

Income from nearly every source shows the same trend as does the total income but some items are much more variable than others. Rents and royalties show practically no change after 1917, and salaries and commissions are comparatively stable. Dividends change more, and profits most of all. Business and partnership profits declined more than 75 percent, from \$96,000 per capita in 1916 to \$23,000 in 1921, and recovered to \$25,000 in 1924.

Profits from the sale of capital assets (real estate, stocks and bonds) fell off 80 percent from 1916 to 1920, from \$15,000 per capita to less than \$3,000. In 1922, 1923 and 1924 this item showed an extraordinary increase over the earlier years—due, of course, to the “capital net gains” provision of the Act of 1921. Against these profits, however, must be set the losses from the sale of capital assets, sustained by other members of the group. These losses amounted to less than \$500 per capita in 1916, but in the years since that time have been one of the most important factors in bringing down the total net income, as the following comparison shows:

RESULTS OF SALES OF CAPITAL ASSETS: 3917 RETURNS.
(In millions of dollars)

Year	Gains	Losses	Net Gain of Group
1916	57	2	55
1917	28	15	13
1918	8	63	55*
1919	34	119	85*
1920	10	208	198*
1921	10	152	142*
1922	92	84	8
1923	77	98	21
1924	98	52	46

* Net loss

The decrease of profits and increase of losses alone account for 25 percent of the total shrinkage of net income from 1916 to 1921.

Dividends, which make up nearly half the total net income, decreased by only about one-third from 1916 to 1921 and have since regained only about one-third of the loss. This item accounts for 27 percent of the change from 1916 to 1921, and 26 percent of the change to 1924. Contributions, taxes, and other deductions jumped from \$15,000 per individual in 1916 to \$21,000 in 1917, and in most of the later years have shown small increases, reaching \$27,000 in 1924. It is probable that contributions were reported less fully in 1916 than in the later years.

The item “interest received” is of special interest because this is the easiest item to manipulate, either

by selling taxables in order to buy tax-exempts, or by transferring securities to other members of one's family, and also because it is less affected than are most items of income by changes in business prosperity. Interest declined from 1916 to 1921 by only 21 per cent, from about \$27,000 to \$22,000 per capita. Since that time, unlike all other items of income, it has continued its decline, the 1924 figure being only 65 percent of that for 1920. Part of the change is, of course, due to lower interest rates, part to the splitting of incomes among members of the family, and a part may be attributed to investment in tax-exempt securities. However, the decline in taxable interest from 1920 to 1924 was twice as great as the reported increase in tax-exempt interest. Whatever may be the causes of the decline in the amount of interest received, the tendency has not been checked by the successive reductions of surtax rates in recent years.

Tax-exempt income was reported in individual returns only for 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1924. For these years the totals reported in the 3,917 returns were respectively 25, 42, 57 and 68 millions of dollars, or an increase in the average amount per individual from a little over \$6,000 in 1918 to about \$17,000 in 1924. These data must be used with a certain degree of caution. Various Treasury officials have expressed disbelief in the accuracy of individual returns of tax-exempt income on the ground that they are submitted only for information and do not enter into the computation of the tax. In fact, for years before 1924 the reports of tax-exempt income were never included in the Statistics of Income (though the 1920 figures were published in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury). The writer is not convinced, however, that these data are less reliable than are other portions of the income tax returns. It is, of course, quite possible that taxpayers neglect to report their tax-exempt income because they know that they will not be checked up on it. On the other hand the taxpayer has no financial inducement to falsify this portion of his report, which is submitted under the same oath as is the rest of the return. Certainly it seems improbable that there is a sufficient amount of under-reporting to account for the enormous discrepancy between the figures shown here (as well as in Treasury reports of income for 1920 and 1924) and the estimates which have been most widely accepted.

Taking the figures at their face value, they indicate for these 3,917 individuals a total amount of tax-exempt income in 1920 which was less than one-half the shrinkage of their interest and dividends from 1916 to that date. Since 1920 there has been a further shrinkage of \$48,000,000 in dividends and interest, with an increase of only \$18,000,000 in tax-exempt interest. If all the reported tax-exempt income were restored to the taxable brackets, it would raise the average net income of the 3,917 individuals for 1918 to \$171,000; for 1919

to \$170,000; for 1920 to \$124,000, and for 1924 to \$165,000. As the average income in 1916 was \$291,000, tax-exempt income is clearly not the major factor in the disappearance of the very large incomes. The entire amount reported in 1924 is 12.2 percent of the decrease in net income since 1916.

The returns of individuals who reported \$300,000 incomes in 1916 are of special interest because of the great publicity which has been given them in recent discussions of surtaxes and tax-exempt securities. Of the 1,296 such incomes reported in 1916, 815 have been traced through 1924 by the Couzens Committee. These returns point to the same conclusions as do the larger group which we have just discussed. The big shrinkage from 1916 to 1921 was in profits, which fell off 86 percent. In the same period losses from sales jumped from \$400,000 to \$78,000,000. Rents and royalties and salaries displayed the same steadiness as in the \$100,000 group. Dividends made a somewhat greater decline and a smaller recovery. Interest received showed the same steady decline from 1918 to 1924. Tax-exempt income again accounts for approximately one-half the decline of taxable interest from 1920 to 1924, and amounts in the latter year to 9.7 percent of the decline in net income since 1916.

The data which the Couzens Committee has assembled dispose finally of the myth of investment in tax-exempt securities as the primary cause of the shrinkage in the number of very large incomes from 1916 to 1921. Quite apart from any question of

the accuracy of the reports of tax-exempt income, the figures for income from different sources make it evident that the primary factors affecting the size of the large incomes are found in the activity of business and the trend of the stock market. Profits and losses from trade, industry and speculation overshadow all other causes of the great decline and the subsequent advance. Dividends, which are affected only slowly by changes in the prosperity of corporations, fluctuate less violently than do individual profits. Interest, which is affected still less by business conditions and is most likely to be influenced by taxation policies, changes still less.

The disappearance of the boom conditions of 1916 and 1917, the acute depression of 1920 and 1921, the decline in interest rates since that time, the increase in deductible contributions and taxes, and the decrease of dividend payments, account for the bulk of the shrinkage in the great incomes. These factors are in large measure independent not only of the presence or absence of tax-exempt securities in the market, but also of the influence of heavy surtaxes. No one believes seriously that the disappearance of the extraordinary prosperity of 1916, the coming of depression in 1920-21 or the business recovery since that time, were to any considerable extent the result of taxation policies. Nor can it longer be contended that the decrease in high taxable incomes from 1916 to 1921 or the increase in their number since the latter date are to any considerable extent due to taxation or tax-exemption.

CHARLES O. HARDY.

Consciousness and the Religious Life

AN editorial in the *Christian Century* of December 17 discusses with grave disapproval a recent article of mine in the *New Republic* entitled *Christians, Beware!* According to this censor Christians cannot seriously examine the fundamentals of their religion without depriving it of its dynamic impulse. The Christian faith consists of a "daring assumption" that the "purpose of life is benevolent and is ultimately guaranteed by the supremacy of personal values in the world." This assumption is essentially "naïve." It "can be proved only if stubbornly held." The thorough-going scepticism which the practice of methodical examination implies would emasculate it. "Mr. Croly says, 'Christians, beware.' Jesus put it differently, 'Christians, be brave.'"

The reader may remark that, according to the editor of the *Christian Century*, I am engaged in a controversy, not with him, but with Jesus Christ. He does not say that he, a mere editor like myself, advises Christians to be brave rather than to beware. He says that Jesus "put it differently" from my way of putting it and so obligingly wrote for

him the title and the last line of his counter-editorial. One expects this kind of retort when one engages in a controversy with men who are educated, as Christian clergymen are usually educated, to attach peculiar authority to their own words. The Lord is always on their side. That is what makes them so brave. But in this case the editor of the *Christian Century* would have behaved more in the spirit of Christ if he had been less brave and more sceptical.

If Jesus ever did counsel His followers to be Christian chiefly by being brave, which I very much doubt, He certainly ought to be gratified with His success. For throughout the ages those Christians who have most passionately desired to imitate Christ and to propagate Christianity have been superbly and almost uniformly brave. They have imposed on themselves any sacrifices, undergone any hardships, expended any efforts and assumed any risks if by so doing they could convert themselves or other people into better Christians. But when they accepted these sacrifices, efforts and risks, their faith and their bravery were not as naïve and

as unaware as the Christian Century insists that they ought to be. The early monks, who were probably the bravest of all Christians, translated the Christian way of life into a sophisticated rule of which they had to be fully aware. The mendicant friars, who testified at such personal cost to their faith, were also supremely conscious why Christianity demanded of them a life of vagrant preaching on the highways rather than life in an isolated community according to an ethical and a ceremonial ritual. And the later Catholic and Protestant missionaries to the heathen all associated with their faith a Christian culture which was very far from being naïve. The bravery of all these Christian evangelists was born of what was considered to be an assured knowledge and a trustworthy method of propagating it. They were definitely convinced, not only of their faith, but of the process whereby it was to be realized. For them scepticism would undoubtedly have been disastrous. But its incompatibility with faith would not have caused the disaster. A faith conscious of its own limits feeds on a similarly conscious scepticism. It would have been disastrous because it would have undermined the knowledge which enabled them, as they believed, to realize their faith in the world.

It is increasing doubt about the knowledge which, since the Protestant Reformation, has determined the method of propagating Christianity which is the stumbling-block of the churches today. During the last century and a half the technology which Christian societies have brought to the realization of their particular secular purposes has undergone revolutionary improvements. They are able now to satisfy their ordinary wants with greater success than ever before; and during the coming century they will quicken rather than retard their progress in all the practical arts. But while they have been transforming the world in order to suit their own needs, they have not educated themselves to exercise this increased power with credit or even safety. Religious culture and the method of propagating religious truth have either stood still or dissolved. At present it is essential for Christians to seek some more trustworthy way of affirming religious values precisely because secular values are being affirmed with so much arrogance and success. Since the War, liberal Christians have recognized the existence of this dilemma. They have striven to act on their apprehensions, but their struggles and contrivances have not been very fruitful. They have formulated many rules of Christian conduct whose application to particular cases was ambiguous. Or they have dealt realistically with individual cases without being able honestly to say that their solutions affirmed religious values. Little by little the lesson of their experiments has become clear. They mean well but do not know how.

Although they are vaguely dissatisfied with the kind of knowledge which they have invoked to

realize their faith, they can neither rid themselves of it nor devise a satisfactory substitute for it. That knowledge is discursive and didactic. It embodies Christian truth in a series of fundamental propositions which Christians are then authorized, exhorted, persuaded or evangelized into believing and practicing. These propositions are the means by which Christianity reveals itself to the human mind and opens a vista for its realization in human life. They did open a narrow vista during the centuries when the sophisticated Christian believed them to be authoritative, but of late the increasing success of a less verbal knowledge has steadily diminished their authority. The controversy between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists turns upon their truth. It is not an academic dispute among theologians about the philosophy of religion. It involves and compromises the method which Christians have used to propagate Christianity in themselves and in other people. The doubts of which the controversy are the expression tend to paralyze Christian reformers in their efforts to realize Christianity in individual and social life.

There is, consequently, abundant excuse for asking Christians to beware. They themselves are aggressively doubting the knowledge by which they have in the near past vindicated their faith. The very citadel of Christianity is defended by warriors who are fighting about what they are fighting for. Bravery will not rescue them from the consequences of such radical conflicts. On the contrary when, as in the case of the Christian Century, they associate it with deliberate naïveté, they seem to be cultivating an illusory audacity in order to shut their eyes to their own anomalous estate. Would they not do more for Christianity if they candidly inquired, with every intention of acting on the answer, where the Church stands as the custodian and propagator of Christian tradition? They do not know their own minds about this essential matter. The scepticism itself will not necessarily do them harm. It is, indeed, a condition of the construction of a new and better body of Christian knowledge and a provocation to it. But to ignore it is an act of foolishness rather than of bravery. Its ghost is lurking in the dark corners of their worship and their life as Christians. Unless they admit its existence in order to cope with its significance, the sense of its presence will breed obscurantism, superstition and self-deception among Christian ministers and laymen.

It is obviously useless to expect of fundamentalist Christians such a recognition and awakening. They are dreaming of the past, and they derive their chief satisfaction from being courageous and contentious in affirming their dogmatic delusions. But it is the business of modernist Christians to live by the light of actual experience. Their naïveté would be the child rather of choice than of ignorance or prejudice. If in the long run they substitute naïve bravery for disillusioned and thorough-

going inquiry into the method of propagating Christianity in the naturalistic world of today, then lay modernists will seek the indispensable re-invigoration of religion outside the churches.

In the case of the *Christian Century*, the apotheosis of bravery is an emotional compensation for the vacancies and the contradictions in its own positive program. Its brand of modernism is, like fundamentalism, discursive and didactic, but it lacks an analogous justification for its intellectualism. According to its editor the liberal Christian is occupied in "proving" the "daring assumption" that the "purpose of life is benevolent and is ultimately guaranteed by the supremacy of personal values in the world." But his way of affirming a benevolent purpose for life and the supremacy of personal values is adapted not to an assumption but to a conclusion—the same kind of conclusion or dogma as the Blood Atonement or the Trinity. It must be propagated by the same means of persuasion, exhortation and authority. If its reality were permitted to become a matter of conscious and sceptical experiment, faith of this pretentiously daring kind would shiver and quail. It is "proved" by being "stubbornly held"—that is, by being believed at all costs and against all comers. A scientific assumption is not like that. Its virtue consists in its humility. It may not work, but its inventor is willing to try. He does not expect to vindicate it at all costs. He expects by searching the result of the experiment to add to his store of trustworthy knowledge. An assumption of this kind earns its right to survive by cultivating scepticism—that is, by open-minded, disinterested, thorough-going and never-ending investigation.

The modernist Christian who seeks in scientific method a trustworthy way of propagating Christian values in himself and others does need faith, but it is a faith like that of science, not in the finality of formulated conclusions, but in a general lay of the land and how it is to be opened up. Scientific inquiry must posit the existence of a world which the human mind is capable, after a fashion, of understanding. The religious life must posit the existence of a world in which human purposes can, after a fashion, get themselves realized. The missionaries of particular religions have always jumped from this position to the immediate formulation of the ultimate purposes whose realization would fulfill the nature of man. They fastened their attention on the goal rather than on the procedure. But for that reason they have not proceeded far. Their presumably sufficient conclusions have blocked experimental inquiry into the nature of man and the way in which his fulfillment can be brought about, just as authoritative theories about the flatness of the earth blocked for centuries the progress of knowledge about the world. The *Christian Century's* formula is merely another attempt, born this time of a social interpretation of Christianity, to disparage procedure and to seek security in advance

through an alleged divine underwriting of the enterprise.

This brings me to the question raised by Mr. Howard D. Roelofs in a letter published elsewhere in this issue. He asks whether there is a definite something called scientific method, which can be formulated, understood and applied to religious as distinguished from scientific activities. He considers scientific method to be relevant to the solution of religious problems only if they are of the same sort as problems of science. And in this connection "it should be remembered that a method of solving religious problems as problems of knowledge is not in itself a method for living religiously."

With some part of Mr. Roelofs's question I have already implicitly dealt. The all-important religious problem is the problem of the religious life. The all-important religious knowledge is the knowledge of how to live the religious life. Hitherto the kind of religious knowledge which Christians have used for this purpose has been dogmatic and didactic. The increasing conquests of the scientific method in the region of life and mind have weakened the authority of their earlier formulations of religious truth. Christian pioneers are now perplexedly seeking a kind of knowledge, not derived from revelation, authority or formal logic, which will enable Christians to live religiously. For the moment they are groping rather than making headway, but while the undertaking is difficult and in a sense revolutionary, it is not impossible, and unless religion is to be divorced from science, it is necessary. If it succeeds, the result will not be a new body of dogmas and moral rules or a new psychological or historical description of religious experience. It will be a trustworthy art of human fulfillment which every new Christian would have to learn by practice for himself under the direction of preceding masters. The art would be based on a kind of knowledge which the religious of all ages have sought as supremely necessary and which an experimental scientific method can help them to attain—the knowledge of their true selves.

A conscious experimental method is as relevant and indispensable to the extraction of religious self-knowledge from individual living as it is for the extraction of a knowledge of the world from secular experience. Both knowing and living are continuing and inevitably uncompleted activities or arts, which imply the existence of an understandable or a purposeful universe and a reliable instrument of exploration. People learn to know by consciously practicing knowing. The individual must learn to live by consciously practicing living. He cannot learn in any other way. Antecedent revelations in the shape of cosmologies, creeds and commandments are devices for preventing the immature from straying rather than positive clues to the true way. Symbols and the worship of saints or heroes are of more assistance to religious living than dogmas, but obviously they are a stimulus to discipline

rather than the discipline itself. In the case of the art of knowing, society already possesses a reliable procedure which, if it is followed, will steadily increase human knowledge. In the case of the art of living, we need a similar procedure. A conscious experimental method, applied by the individual to the exploration of his own nature, seems to be the only possible and available route to self-knowledge.

Scientific method consists of putting questions to a stream of events which never stands still, of devising projects which will help the observer to answer the questions, and of using the resulting knowledge to ask more searching questions and to invent new projects whose exploration may help to answer them. It is a process which is held together and obtains a meaning, not by the prophecy of a consummate ending, but by a valid consciousness of its successive phases and of the location and context of any contemporary achievement. In the case of a knowledge of the world this binding consciousness is social. It is the common property of all individuals who take the trouble to inform themselves. But in the case of the self-knowledge upon which the fulfillment of human lives depends, the binding consciousness can gather in an individual mind only as the result of individual effort and experience. The individual who wishes to obtain this self-knowledge will treat his life as a continuing experiment, which becomes for him a methodical procedure, not because the experiments will guarantee for him happy solutions for his riddles, but because he, as the maker of the experiments, ties them together by an indefatigable awareness of their significance in the whole process.

If human beings are capable of acquiring the knowledge of themselves which they need for "living religiously," the method by which alone they can acquire it is the methodical exploitation of consciousness. Whatever else they do, they need to discover improved processes of promoting consciousness into an instrument of self-revelation. Of course, human beings use it for that purpose now, but they use it with an almost wanton disregard of its limitations and its possibilities. They have alternated between a headstrong confidence in it, as in the case of the introspective psychologists, the puritans and the mystics, and a superficial suspicion of it, as in the case of so-called men of action or psychological and philosophical mechanists. But they have not asked the question whether and how the dubious news report which our consciousness gives us of our condition and progress can be pruned and wrought into a trustworthy access to our real springs of action, emotion and thought. The failure to ask this question explicitly has blurred people's minds to its immense importance and to the prospect of obtaining an answer to it. Christian civilization now occupies, in relation to a method of consciousness which will help us to obtain self-knowledge of implicit religious value, a situation analogous to that which it occupied with respect to

ordinary scientific method three hundred years ago. The need is critical and the instructions on the signpost unmistakable. Psychology is gradually envisaging both the problem and the part which psychologists must play in throwing light upon its solution.

In advising Christians to beware I was not merely warning them of the danger of forfeiting the interest of well informed minds to which their resolute unawareness of their present estate is exposing their churches. I intended to suggest that, if we would discipline ourselves to be more disinterestedly conscious of our behavior and our nature as human beings, we might learn a lesson of inestimable value about the way to propagate Christianity in ourselves and others. The inexorable and omnipresent obstacles to such propagation are that we know not that we do and that we will not allow a confession of ignorance and its consequences to penetrate our consciences. Our frivolous substitutes for self-knowledge provide us with easy pretexts for self-satisfaction. A recognition of the full extent of the existing default is an indispensable condition of dealing adequately with it. Nothing less than an indefatigable effort to deploy consciousness as an instrument of self-revelation and self-fulfillment will supply us with the knowledge which we need for "religious living." By these means we may establish contact with the sources of our own nature and with all nature. For, as Mr. John Dewey says, the physical world is the necessary subject-matter and sustainer of conscious activity, and "consciousness is not a separate realm of being, but is the manifest quality of existence when nature is most free and most active."

HERBERT CROLY.

Nocturne, New Moon

The moon unfolds tonight
Her wings bright,
And wide as all the sky the galaxy dreams
In its faint beams.

I hear in the startled pond
The rapid fish
Leap,
And the field beyond
Is full of a woe that rocks
The coughing ox,
Who sighs in the thickening dew
The night thorough.

No other sound to hear
But the tireless weir
Losing its labored gain
With the cry of a little everlasting train.

Behold, behold, how bright
The moon this night!
How fair the galaxy swings
In the dust of her lovely wings!

A. E. COPPARD.

The French Franc

An Open Letter to the French Minister of Finance (Whoever he is or may be.)

MONSIEUR—When I read in my daily paper the daily projects of yourself and your predecessors to draft new budgets and to fund old debts, I get the impression that Paris discusses very little what seems to me in London to be the technical analysis of your problem. May I, therefore, divert your attention for a moment from your Sisyphean task of rolling budgets up Parliament Hill back to certain fundamental calculations?

I have written about the French franc many times in recent years, and I do not find that I have changed my mind. More than two years ago I wrote: "The level of the franc is going to be settled in the long run, not by speculation or the balance of trade, or even the outcome of the Ruhr adventure, but by the proportion of his earned income which the French taxpayer will permit to be taken from him to pay the claims of the French rentier." I still think that this is the root idea from which your plans ought to develop.

Now it is obvious that there are two methods of attaining the desired equilibrium. You can increase the burdens on the taxpayer, or you can diminish the claims of the rentier. If you choose the first alternative, taxation will absorb nearly a quarter of the national income of France. Is this feasible? If it is ever safe to speak about the political atmosphere of another country, I should judge from recent indications that the French public will certainly refuse to submit to the imposition of a burden of additional taxation sufficient to satisfy the claims of the rentier at their present level. And even if such taxation were politically possible, it would probably break down administratively. The pressing task of the French Treasury is not to devise additional taxes, but to construct an administrative machine capable of collecting those which exist. If, therefore, I were in your place, I should not, as a politician, give another minute's thought to new taxes, but would concentrate, so far as concerned the fiscal part of my office, on consolidating and administering the taxes already voted.

Since this by itself is not enough, your next business—provided you accept my conclusion as to the mind of the French public—is to consider coolly how best to reduce the claims of the rentier. Three methods offer themselves: first, a general capital levy; second, a forced reduction of the rate of interest on the public debt; third, a rise of prices which would reduce the real value of the rentier's money claims. Unquestionably, the first is preferable on grounds of virtue, justice and theory. For

England in a similar fix I should advocate it. But I think it so probable that such a project would be defeated in France today by the same political and administrative difficulties which stand in the way of further taxation, that I should not lose my time on it. The second method is attractive, if only because it offers no administrative difficulties. I believe that some authorities in France have favored it. Nevertheless, I should decline this expedient also, if I were in your place, because, unlike a general capital levy or a depreciation of money, this species of discrimination is truly named repudiation, and repudiation of the national debt is a departure from financial virtue so extreme and so dangerous as not to be undertaken but in the last emergency.

We are left, therefore, by a process of the exclusion of alternative, with one exit only—a rise of internal prices; which leads us away from the fiscal field to the price-level, the foreign exchanges, the gold in the Bank of France, the volume of foreign investment, and the balance of trade. Here I must invite your attention to an interesting paradox.

Successive Finance Ministers have, in fact, done their utmost to find an escape through the exit I indicate. They have inflated magnificently, and they have brought down the gold-value of the franc by progressive stages with only temporary set-backs. What more could they have done?

I will tell you. The great army of your predecessors have failed, in spite of all their efforts, to depreciate adequately *the internal purchasing power* of the franc. Your present difficulties are due, not to the inflation of the notes or to the fall of the exchange (for these events are tending all the time to help you out of your troubles), but to the failure of these factors to diminish proportionately the internal purchasing power of the rentier's money claims.

The following figures present the essence of your problem. In December, 1925, the gold value of the franc on the foreign exchanges was 19 percent of its pre-war parity; world gold prices were about 158 percent of their pre-war level; therefore on the pre-war basis a note-circulation and a franc-price level amounting to 830 percent (for $158 \div 19 = 8.3$) of their pre-war figures would be justified. Now the note circulation, being about 1,000 percent of its pre-war figure, roughly corresponds to the level of the exchange—though, allowing for increased territory and the loss of gold and silver coin from the circulation, it is probably still too low in relation to the exchange, rather than too high, on a pre-war comparison.

When we come to the internal franc price-level, on the other hand, we find an entirely different story. Imported raw materials have inevitably risen to their international parity. But the classes of goods such as food and other articles entering into the cost-of-living index number, which are dominated by home production, are far below their equilibrium value. Wholesale food prices in November, 1925, were 490 percent of pre-war, retail prices in Paris (thirteen items) were 433 percent, and in the third quarter of 1925 the cost-of-living index for Paris stood at 401 percent. These figures may understate the real rise of prices, but it certainly seems that French domestic costs are not above five times their pre-war figure. This means that the prices of purely home produce, converted at the present rate of exchange, are not much more than *half* world prices, and are actually below their pre-war level in terms of gold. Thus the inflation of the currency has produced its full effect on the exchanges, and consequently on the prices of imported commodities, but has largely failed to do so on the prices of home produce.

Now the burden of the rentier on the taxpayer is measured by the internal purchasing power of the francs which have to be taken from the latter to be handed to the former. *Thus if internal prices had risen as fast as the exchange has fallen, the real burden of the national debt service would be reduced by at least a third.* I suggest to you, therefore, that, whilst the solution of your fiscal difficulties can come about in no other way than by a rise in the internal price level, it is not so clear that this need be accompanied either by further inflation or by a further fall in the exchange.

It is for you to decide in your own mind at what level of internal prices you can hope to balance your budget. Your next step must be to bring about this rise in as orderly and scientific a way as you are able. Looking from outside it appears to me that an internal price level between eight and nine times pre-war might be high enough. In this case there is no justification for any considerable further inflation or fall in the franc exchange. All you have to do is to stabilize the note circulation and the franc-exchange at near their present level and to allow time for internal prices to rise correspondingly.

What are the explanations of the present low level of franc prices? I think that they are: (1) the time element—internal prices move slowly but will move as they should in time; (2) the hoarding of bank-notes on an even greater scale than formerly, leading to a sluggish circulation of the available currency; (3) excessive foreign investment by Frenchmen, due to lack of confidence, which drives the exchange down below the figure appropriate to the trading position; and (4) the legal restrictions on rents, &c.

These influences should be remediable as regards (1) by the mere lapse of time, and as regards (2) and (3) by the restoration of internal confidence.

The right strategy, therefore, is to restore confidence and then just wait. And the way to restore confidence is, surely, not to heap up taxes, but to stabilize the franc exchange beyond doubt or criticism near its present level.

How to stabilize the franc exchange? Not so difficult as it is supposed to be. The balance of trade is strongly in favor of France. The present level of internal prices encourages exports and discourages imports. The metallic reserve of the Bank of France is worth (at the present exchange) nearly 40 percent of the note issue. Nothing is required, I expect, but that the Bank of France should declare that for two years at least it will furnish dollar exchange against francs in unlimited amounts on terms *not worse* than some stated rate between dollars and francs, and that the Bank should be prepared, if necessary, to use its gold for the purpose. The rate selected should probably lie somewhere between one dollar for twenty-five francs and one dollar for thirty francs, and it would be safer to choose the latter ratio at first, with just a hope that the former might be achieved in the end. The success of the scheme requires no more than that the Bank's undertaking should be believed. With this background of stability you will be able to borrow enough to carry you through the transitional period without further inflation.

For the rest you can trust time. As the internal price-level gradually rises to an equilibrium with the exchange and as the machinery for collecting the taxes is gradually improved, your budget receipts will grow month by month until they balance the expenses. Those taxes which are fixed in francs and are not *ad valorem* should, of course, be raised *pari passu* with the rise in prices.

There are two matters on which the government of France needs to exercise an iron resolve—to fix the franc exchange at a minimum figure even if it costs gold to do so, and to collect the taxes in full. These are the indispensable measures. Heroic efforts to increase the rates of taxation are, at this stage, efforts in a wrong direction, and will not be successful.

What are the arguments against these courses? They are entirely political. A policy which will not be successful unless it raises prices by a heavy percentage will be open to the universal unpopularity of *la vie chère*. A policy of bringing about an equilibrium between internal and external prices must be injurious to the export interests which flourish on their disequilibrium. It may not be sufficient to reply that the first must happen in any case unless the taxpayer will sacrifice himself to the rentier, and that the second must happen some day unless the franc is to fall for ever.

But there are political considerations of some weight to set on the other side. A rise in the prices of agricultural produce will not be unpopular with farmers and peasant producers who have been selling their output much too cheap. Further, the

government must make it clear that wage-earners and officials are not intended to suffer, and will, if it is wise, pass a law providing for automatic quarterly increases of all wages and salaries throughout the next two years corresponding to every increase in the cost of living.

Well, I offer these reflections for what they are worth. Whether or not they commend themselves to your judgment, I am sure that the following questions are those which you need to ponder:

1. Would a rise in the level of internal prices solve your difficulties?

2. Can you solve your difficulties without a rise of prices?

3. Is it not impossible anyhow to prevent a rise in the long run?

4. If so, will you not be judicious to facilitate an orderly rise and to play for time meanwhile?

5. Whether you choose this course or another, is there any sufficient objection to using the gold in the Bank of France to anchor the franc exchange?

Your obedient servant,

J. M. KEYNES.

London.

Washington Notes

IF and when the World Court proposal goes through the Senate, which seems reasonably certain some time or other this spring, I shudder to think of the effect upon Edward B. McLean, the noble publisher of the Washington Post, the bosom friend of Republican Presidents, the staunch supporter of the administration, the prince of Washington hosts. Ned, I am afraid, will just curl up in a corner and pass away. Of all the bitter-enders in the Senate, of all the rabid anti-Court and anti-League propagandists in Washington, of all the opposition newspapers in the country, there are none which seem even to approach in violence and earnestness Mr. McLean's pet paper, the Post.

It seems much more than a conviction with Mr. McLean—it has all the ear-marks of an obsession. I am willing to bet any reasonable amount that the editorials against the Court that have appeared in The Post have exceeded in number and violence those in any other paper in the country, including the Hearst string. It must be admitted that as a poisoner Colonel George Harvey is entitled to the palm. When he starts out to do a job of poisoning he does it with extreme thoroughness. The anti-World Court virus he injected into Mr. McLean and the McLean newspaper machine during the year or so he was here will never be effectively thrown off. It was of the most virulent kind.

Every once in a while something occurs up in New York that starts the more reflective among the political observers in this neck of the woods to pondering over the problem of Charles Evans Hughes. When Mr. Hughes some weeks ago agreed to head the Reorganization Commission charged with putting into effect the reforms in state government authorized and approved by the voters,

it stirred anew the speculation about his future. When just a few days ago he let it be definitely known that he would not permit his party to nominate him for governor next year it gave rise to a new set of rumors. This week reports of tremendous fees received by Mr. Hughes as a result of the practice of his profession since leaving Washington have been current here. The general belief is that he has in the short year since he resigned as Secretary of State amply recouped his fortunes and solidly gained that economic independence for himself and family the necessity for which he permitted the public and his friends to regard as the reason for his retirement into private life.

Now, no one who knows Mr. Hughes thinks for a moment he has given up his ambition to be President. No man ever came so close to grasping the greatest of all public honors and positions and missed it. He would be less than human did he not harbor as long as he lives the hope of one day gaining the thing he so narrowly lost. Still vigorous, with abounding health and a wider experience and a better equipment for the presidency today than in 1916, it can be taken as certain that Mr. Hughes is a potential candidate. Whether or not he makes any active effort to gain the nomination in 1928 depends of course upon conditions. It may seem to him futile and useless and he may consider it expedient to declare again for the good Calvin or for someone else. On the other hand, if he thinks the chance good he is sure to run. Whether he does or not, this is certain—he has put himself in position to run. If his opportunity comes again there will be no Cabinet chains around his leg, no question of loyalty to interfere with his fight. That his main reason for leaving the Coolidge Cabinet was to keep free to accept a second chance to make the White House for himself should such chance develop in 1928 is too clear to need insistence. It becomes clearer every day.

Whatever the results of the Senate investigation into the conduct of the Aluminum Company case—by the Department of Justice—and I am frankly sceptical about there being any that will greatly smear the fine coat of whitewash applied in the Dunn report and the Donovan statement—still it has amply justified itself so far as I am concerned by the way in which it dissolved the Sargent myth. Talk about the Coolidge legend—the Sargent one, in the case with which it was put over, beat the other all hollow—and with less to go on. Every once in a while some writer does rise up and take a shot at the Coolidge myth. They do not, it is true, get far. The propaganda machine and the Republican organs at once go into high gear and the protest against the humbuggery of forcing upon the people the idea that this arid little man in the White House has any of the qualities of leadership or greatness is smothered and lost in the great volume of press praise.

In the case of the Sargent myth, however, there has never been so much as a challenge until the Senate Committee got him out in the open. Administration organs and the press generally have painted the picture of a shrewd, forceful old man, full of homely humor. **real**

ability and common sense. That idea of Mr. Sargent was generally accepted by the public up to the time he went on the witness stand. When he got through testifying as to what he did not know about the Department of Justice and the Aluminum case he had certainly spoiled that picture. He had demonstrated clearly and conclusively that he had neither grasp on nor knowledge of his job. In his case at least they solved the puzzle as to what is back of his ponderous silence by finding there is nothing back of it.

The Democratic plan of attack on the Mellon-Coolidge taxation bill is about what might be expected from the Democrats of the present period. A while back I thought it probable the Senate Democrats would be inspired by the failure of the House leaders to have so much as a taxation idea, to function themselves with some intelligence when the measure came to the Senate. I had hoped that the two absurd fallacies in the Mellon argument about cutting the highest surtax in half, first, in order that money might become available for industrial expansion and second, in order that the eighty-six men in the country who pay taxes on incomes of more than a million dollars a year might be induced to take their money out of tax-exempt securities and put it in taxable securities might be riddled in the Senate. I was in hopes that the Democrats in the Senate might have the sense as a party to take this absurd notion that has been put over on us through a propaganda unprecedented in volume and power, to wit, that the higher the very rich man is taxed the less he pays, or the lower he is taxed the more he pays, and kick it full of holes. It is not a hard thing to do. The bunk about "scientific tax reduction" which Senator Smoot unctuously and often mouths and the rich newspapers consistently harp on editorially is so apparent that it is amazing more people do not see it unaided.

The Democrats could, I think, have made a real dent in this humbuggery in spite of the solidity of the press support had they gone after it with determination and skill. It was a real chance for a play, but as usual they muffed the ball. Not only have Glass and Bruce and Underwood and probably one or two others refused to go along in any effort materially to alter the theory of the bill—that the way to help the poor man is first to lighten the burden of the rich—but, under the Simmons leadership, those who were willing to make a real fight are given nothing real for which to battle. The Simmons proposal is to accept the 50 percent cut in the high surtaxes on the eighty-odd multi-millionaires, but to make additional cuts in the surtaxes upon those whose incomes range from \$20,000 to \$100,000 and to make certain further reductions. These are good things perhaps, but they do not constitute a principle and they make it perfectly clear that no actual help can be expected from the Democratic party against the backward social step contemplated by the Mellon-Coolidge cut on the great fortunes to a point where all brakes are removed from their automatic accumulation and there is no check upon their growth to overwhelming and menacing proportions.

Washington.

T. R. B.

The Art of Arthur Dove

A WOMAN does not know her unborn child, yet she is aware and concerned that it is quick within her. A woman is a more conscious creature than our old America which carries her pregnancy about, unknowing and denying. Were this not so of our land, a painter like Arthur Dove* would not reach fifty years in an obscurity so little lighted.

Dove is a poet of the unborn. Of the unborn in himself; of the unborn, by organic connection, in his world which happens to be ours. He is a craftsman, sober, slow, exact: the proper sort for the mute business of birth. He is probably more free of philosophical systems than the ordinary motor mechanic; he is certainly more free of the prophetic gesture than the usual advertising agent. This perhaps explains why his paintings, which presage the body of tomorrow without the rhetoric, and which flesh prophecy without the banners, live so humbly within their home-made frames.

Arthur Dove makes a picture of a cow—or the bottom of a brook—or a sawmill—or rain in winter woods—or storm upon sea. This pregnancy of spirit, this prophecy of beauty inhere, for him, in such humble everyday affairs. They must be implicit in the materials and in the forms of his own homely craftsman's world. You will find in Dove, to personify his vision, none of the angelic hierarchies of Blake: not even the White Whale of a Melville. And the grandiose dream of Whitman, if Dove admits it at all, must find its eloquence, must find its *being*, in something like the texture of a bit of wood weathered by many seasons. This is a strange sort of augury, you will note. It has no independent voice; it is as yet even without an independent body. It is an embryo, a seed of vision. That is why it is important.

Dove's Cow, for instance. Your first sense, in this turgid gyre of darkling colors, is of a foetus. You think of a cow yet enfolded in its mother. Ultimately, you see it is a cow in fact, standing half-held in the sere New England world. And then, you return to your earlier impression: this cow has become, in the seeing hand of Dove, a coil of bursting, inarticulate forces. Whatever Dove touches, he makes always into a beautiful premonition of what is not yet visible at all. There are his Storms at Sea—five variants on the theme of angry water under a heavy sky through which a moon is breaking. The waves are solid and ponderous: this water pulses like a body to the glower of wind and mist and moonlight. This sea is solid because it is locked: it is not free to move, to breathe: it is an unborn sea. Its emotion whelms its actual form. It is a gravid sea—a pregnancy again. When Dove paints a Garden it is a sunken garden. Melville would recognize his sea: and Dante, perhaps, stepping from the sun to Hell (which was his way to Heaven) saw such stillness of unbreathing branches, with such golds and reds sombrely radiating forth toward an ungathered light. There is another picture, called mere-

* A representative exhibition of the work of Dove is now being held in the room of Alfred Stieglitz at the Anderson Galleries, 489 Park Ave., New York City. It is free to the public and will remain open until February 7.

ly Trees: a canvas almost blind with inarticulate blackness. But at last, the high trunks emerge from their green-gold doze into a stifled shimmer which is not form, but form's presaging. These are trees alive, as is the foetus in the womb, which also is breathless, sunless—waiting birth.

Or here are Boats at Night. The high sails, although full, have no wind in them. They swell not with wind, but with the expectancy of power. This mood is the instant tremor before outset—rigid, yet ready for flight. The mystery of the potentiality of change is incarnate in these ghostly vessels, waiting a wind and tide that has not issued from the mouth of God. An early canvas, Connecticut River, gives you the younger stage of the artist's vision. Here is the figure of a woman, gracefully white: and she is immersed in a landscape that jets, twists, whirls like a maelstrom. She is all simple. And the land is a counterpoint of complex forces. She is the nature which the eye beholds. And her native soil is a womb in labor of some birth so vast, that trees must dance, hills leap, in order to enact it. In the later work, the pristine lady disappears. The principle which made her landscape tortured becomes internal. There is this struggle within; and on the surfaces of Dove's paintings, a serenity that dwells upon the inner storm like occult faith.

What proves the man's vision is his art's plasticity. Here is no gesture, no lyric effort. Here, in objects of a chaotic dream, are modulations as exact as natural limbs and heads. Since his vision has this fleshed reality, how can one doubt it? How can one doubt the organic nexus between Dove and his world which has endowed him with the *substance* for his own self-expression?

In his latest work comes a new tendency which corroborates the mystic craftsman, although its effect is a temporary loss in the plasticity which holds Dove's surest value. He makes pictures, now, with other materials than paint. A Sea Drawing Water is composed of scratched tin, gauze, sand and paper. Rain is tin, under three sheets of glass, with actual twigs just budding superposed upon them. Grandmother is a background of shingles, luminous with rot, a shred of old embroidered shawl, a Biblical title page and some pressed flowers. Fishing Nigger is a shrewd concordance of blue shirt, rotten wood, and bamboo fragments drooping to the invisible pond. The method of course suggests certain proceedings of Braque and of Picasso. The mood is Dove's. Perhaps the one achievement in this group of work is a block of white plaster, cast about a coil of cork, silk, iron. Colored like loam, it is again a fragment—an unborn torso of some unnamed life.

There is no sun in the work of Arthur Dove: no sun save prescience. When he employs bright colors, they glare acidly as do the colors in Poe. His texture is brooding—is foetal. Color, with him, is the oxidizing of wood, is the bubbled bed of a brook shaded by unseen trees, is the break of a sea-storm. Forever varied, forever one, it is the color of the womb. And Dove's virtues are womb-virtues. Here is no Paradise, as to Dante's Hell: here is no Whale, as to the sea of Melville. But there is here a serenity *before* the event; a strength *before* the act; a plasticity, intuitive and ingrained, *before* the articulate

body. There is here light, before the sun: a premonition like that which brooded on Jehovah's waters, ere He created the earth. There is here, indeed, America: an America which shall uprise out of our wood and iron, out of our loam and life: transfiguring, yet in no wise transcending them.

Yet, of course, when this America is born, Arthur Dove, who belongs to the true tradition of American art—the tradition of the preparation of a Birth—will long since be sleeping with his fathers, among whom are Ryder, Thoreau, Melville.

WALDO FRANK.

The Sacred City

ONCE upon a time I had the privilege of examining, in private, a handful of designs for the City of the Future. They were like those extravagant fantasies which Mr. Hugh Ferriss, in collaboration with Mr. Harvey W. Corbett, has contributed to the anniversary exhibition in the Wanamaker store in New York. Charmed by the vigorous draughtsmanship, I nevertheless made one or two prosaic criticisms of details—sure, naturally, that the designer had figured all these things out, as architects do, before casting his conceptions into architectural form. But if my memory does not do the architect an injustice, he was stumped: he confessed he had not gone into the economic foundations of his massive designs; and, in retaliation, he asked what pictorially was my idea of the City of the Future?

Well, I thought of Geneva for scale, of Innsbruck and Salzburg for arcaded markets and individually fine buildings, of Oxford for a main street, of old Edinburgh for a site, of little Shaftesbury for a setting in the open country, of Letchworth for an industrial basis, of Concord or Kennebunkport for a domestic harmony of trees and homes; and I felt that the city of the future which I should project would have the sanity and grace of these towns. By contrast, this synthetic city-ideal might have a little of the hard, metallic quality of our present mechanical culture; but at bottom, it would be humane and jolly. Were I to indulge dreams at all, it seemed reasonable to picture the city that nice people would like, not the sort of city that may in fact be rammed down their gorge by landlords, hard-boiled financiers, and engineers who look upon human beings merely as units, designed to run or use elaborate mechanical appliances. In the city of the future, *my* future, not Mr. Ferriss's future, homes and honest workshops and centres of art and learning would be in the foreground: the great lofts and bureaus upon which we now concentrate our imaginations and energies would be accessory; tolerated only so long as they remained accessory, and did not attempt to usurp the arts for advertising, and the sciences for profit and warfare, or attempt to use religion itself as a more refined sort of social lubricant.

In contrast to Mr. Ferriss's titanic dream-city mine would, I fear, be merely human. Modern technology and science would be used to fullest advantage in my city; but they would not rob it of its human base: the things that would still matter would be birth and death and falling in love and marrying and giving in marriage and fine living and high thinking and decent manners and all

the arts of using the body, the voice, and the hand for the enrichment of life. Such merely human cities have existed before; the activities they enshrine are part of man's permanent heritage as a man; and, losing them, he becomes a little less than a man—a dwarf, a freak, a crank, a grotesque, a go-getter, a Philistine. If I were freely dreaming, I should let myself fancy a permanent home for the humane arts; the sort of home that is evoked by Emerson's verse:

Give to barrows, trays, and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance,
Bring the moonlight into noon
Hid in gleaming piles of stone;
On the city's paved street
Plant gardens lined with lilac sweet.
Let spouting fountains cool the air,
Singing in the sun-baked square;
Let statue, picture, park, and hall,
Ballad, flag and festival,
The past restore, the day adorn,
And make each morrow a new morn.

To erect such norms in the imagination is one step towards re-establishing them in life—a faint step, no doubt, but a little better than abandoning the effort altogether. For, after all, why should anyone trouble to project the present scheme of things on a ten-fold scale? As long as the present economic forces remain in operation, the result they produce will not be far different from Mr. Ferriss's dream—except for the fact that, on paper, the artist has the privilege of bringing out only aesthetically desirable results.

One might go on to criticize Messrs. Ferriss's and Corbett's architectural fantasy on the same line that applies to the great metropolis today. One might show how so much of our present funds go into palliatives and wasteful mechanical apparatus that we have relatively little left over for the humane arts; so that two-thirds of the population of New York City, let us say, cannot afford adequate modern housing facilities; and in no part of the congested city is there a sufficient amount of playgrounds for children, unless it be in the unsettled portions, where there are no children. Since this holds for the present city, what is the likelihood of improvement, after our megalopanners create aerial streets and multiple traffic ways, or pump air from the countryside or high altitudes or light artificially the entire working quarters throughout the day? Even if all these marvelous devices were highly efficient, even if they could all be paid for—and these are extravagant ifs—there would be no gain by supercongestion, except what the ground landlord and the financier now gain from it; and how on earth does that benefit the rest of us?

On some such lines, I suppose, a rational criticism of the Wanamaker Exhibition would go; but I have no belief that common sense or reason is capable of undermining the dream-city that our architects and business men have, so naïvely, conspired to erect. One has only to go into the central court of the Old Building on Eighth Street to discover that we are not dealing here with rational plans at all: we are face to face with a religion, with a deep mystical impulse, a hierarchy, and a theology. The three sides of that great well are covered with a vast colored transparency, by Mr. Willy Pogany; and there

one communes with forces in the universe, as conceived by the Holy Fathers of New York. Traffic and Commerce are the names of the presiding deities, and as they swirl together they create the central image of the Sacred City, New York, past, present and future.

The past, shriveled at the bottom of the central panel, is the merely human city, with ruddy little houses, trees, public buildings; out of it grows the titanic city of the present, and out of that, hurtling and toppling into the ether, is the City of the Future, all steel, glass, terra-cotta, plumbing, and zoning restrictions: The Saints of the Holy Church are ranged in panels on each side of the Deities of Commerce and Traffic and of their gigantic Symbol: St. Astor, St. Fulton, St. Wanamaker, and all the rest of the martyrs and pious folk, who translated the ancient words, Hope, Faith, and Charity, into Boost, Credit, and Six Percent; whose miracles in making a million dollars exist where one had been before, outdo the ancient stories of the fish and the loaves of bread; whose fine asceticisms and renunciations are still a pattern to those who are tempted, as frail humanity too often is, by sloth, pleasure, and love of the spiritual, or non-capitalizable, goods.

At four o'clock, as the gray of twilight falls upon the gray of a December day, the illumination of this great temple seems doubly brilliant: it is the hour of vespers: chimes and organ notes peal through the improvised nave, and the worshipers, pausing in the midst of their purchases, make a silent genuflection towards the altar of the Most-High City. The Krishna who dared battle, counting gain or loss as one, the Buddha who renounced his kingdom and his dear narrow loves, the patriarchal father who reigned over the Jewish herdsman, the tender mother, whose self and child were worshipped in the mediæval city—the springs of the imagination that created these gods have dried up, and the great images themselves have begun to fade from the mind of the race. Here at last, in the steely jungle of commerce, is our substitute: brand-new, just as good as the original, and with this additional virtue, that he who loses his soul in the heavenly city of the future shall gain great worldly profit thereby.

It matters not that in all these brilliant sketches of the Ideal Metropolis, the eye detects not a single human being nor any provision for his wants; nor does it matter that in the bodying forth of these sketches innumerable human lives will doubtless be sacrificed to Traffic, Commerce, and Properly Regulated and Zoned Heights on a scale that will make Moloch seem an agent of charity, and Baal a tender helper of the sick and weak. A great religion must have sacrifices and offerings from its worshipers, commensurate with the power of the Deity and the estate of the priesthood: in such a service, sacrifice is fulfillment. And is this not a great religion? One has only to count the number of storeys, to plumb the canyons, to estimate the total amount of capital that will be invested, to figure, in round numbers, the trillions in ground rents, to be assured that the Religion of the Future is, indeed, great. If it be not great, what is greatness; and if the will to provide an earthly mantle for this dream be not a religion, what then is the name for those things that are either too divine or too base to belong to this earth, earthly?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Mr. Walter Hampden

IT must be said that Mr. Hampden's performances, now that he has a theatre for his New York season, have not been crowded. But there must be many people who are concerned over the prosperity of serious art and their support of it, and so are troubled over Mr. Hampden's situation. Being Anglo-Saxons they are muddled about intentions and actual achievement—they are bored by Mr. Hampden's acting, but feel they should not be, since he is so serious about it. Or they regard a classic as dull but deserving. Or they do not know how good the classic itself is and give the credit to the actor, and so regard him as a fine artist worthily dragging a load.

And so, what with Mr. Hampden and his Shakespeare repertory and the public, we have a sad muddle about classics, art and life; and it grows becoming in a critic to say what he can in the matter.

I first saw Mr. Hampden in Hamlet, six or seven years ago perhaps, going with open mind to see this neglected, but warmly championed artist. His Hamlet seemed to me insistent, ineffectively scrupulous and studious, and quite styleless, I left before it was over. I kept on hearing good things of Mr. Hampden, his devotion to the theatre, his patient labor and determination, his generous and noble attitude, his dream of a permanent company, and so on, all admirable details though not necessarily implying an artist. Then Cyrano de Bergerac brought New York, which till then had been somewhat unconverted, to Mr. Hampden's doors. I saw Cyrano. It had no brilliance, no bravura, no declamation, no vitality. That eloquent audacity, which is the root of the play and which was scant enough from Mr. Hampden's first moment, disappeared entirely before the last act, where it was needed most. But the Cyrano was fair up to a certain point, in the manner of a meditative Shakespearean tradition, and graced with a sort of lyric, elegiac quality and technical pains that, aided by the great lustre and appeal of the play, achieved a good long run. Then came the Othello. It was carefully studied, ambitiously undertaken, but had no power, no strong outline, no large style. There was no strong current to sweep the dramatic idea to completion and to fill in the outline with rich, living forces. It was an Othello who had none of the thwarted natural powers and onrushing violence from which the tragic meaning might derive; he seemed merely soft, noble and fuddled, a dusky man with a weak impulsive nature and a perplexed, dull brain.

But even at that the Othello was better than the Hamlet, which I have seen again lately and which I find more than ever insistent without significance, full of obvious specifications, scrupulous without distinction, bad in movement, and without style. It is full of efforts to discover profundities; but these are personal and intrusive rather than distinguished. And now the Shylock has arrived, less annoying than the Hamlet or Othello because of its being character-acting, with the benefit of external tricks and character details to fill in what is really an uncontinuous and very trite performance, always obvious and never alive.

Of Mr. Hampden's advantages his voice comes first. It is not a great voice, rich and variable, powerful and

pathetic, but it is good enough. It is well trained and well bred and full of numerous if somewhat obvious stage accomplishments. He has a good diction, carefully achieved. His stage presence is fair, though it could be much better if the mind behind it were unified and cogent. He brings to his work the fruits of long application, study and experience. He has moral seriousness, personal poetry, and a certain lofty intuition. These are not to be despised, but when they are said all is said.

Mr. Hampden's art on its visual side is poor. The gesture is prosaic in expressiveness and lacking in dramatic directness, as is his movement, which is bad, very often ugly, from his lack of mental style and any central vitality. His general endowment is thoughtful and poetic rather than dramatic, and to render it needs elegance, formal design and visual concentration which he has not.

If you want a key, however, to Mr. Hampden's sum as an actor, you may best consider his reading. Listen to him read a speech in Hamlet. You will hear emendations; you will hear special pronunciations, like, for example, turquoise pronounced tourkees, which is sheer academic poverty of instinct, since the rest of the piece is not in Elizabethan. You will hear the rhythm disappear for some sense that he thinks, after much thinking, the line should have. You will hear special pauses based on second thought; hear the sensuousness that Milton spoke of as a high attribute of poetry, turn gray with the mental burden of meaning that the actor thinks important just there. You will hear the bright, contagious life die from the verse design. There is no delight in the wits, no spring, no exuberant riot of mentality, passion and ingenuity.

And what does all this show? It shows that Mr. Hampden, however serious he may be, does not understand the nature of art. The exact form of a piece of verse is as much a part of its meaning as anything about it, precisely as a circle itself is a part of its circularity or the height of a tower a part of its idea. And art is joyous with the abundance of life; it has the cruel vivacity of biological life; it pulses and lives and drives on. Even its grayness is compulsive, its depths engaging and fecund.

In general, then, Mr. Walter Hampden has certain endowments for the theatre, carefully nurtured and exercised; he has solid experience and recognizably traditional accretions; he can give a Shakespearean performance that is good for the road, if you like, though I doubt it, and good for high school students at matinées; he is conscientious and persistent. If he bores you there is nothing to regret, unless it be the harm such performances can do to the classics as living splendors that need no apology. Or you can experience a sort of biological regret that so worthy a figure in our theatre should have no talent. Mr. Hampden, for all his merit, is talentless. He is, if you like, a student and thinker, but thinks without power or imagination. He has, if you like, a competent technique, but is without directness, vitality, creative invention or finality. He describes rather than creates. In the theatre he lacks magnetism, compulsion and projection. You can imagine a public so fond of Shakespeare that they will take him even in such acting as Mr. Hampden's. But to be able to live happily without this acting is a good sign.

STARK YOUNG.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Christianity and Scientific Method

SIR: When will Mr. Croly discuss his major assumptions? Whenever he writes on current religious problems, there is the reiterated and dogmatic assertion that the sine qua non of the solution is: Christianity must make terms with modern science—or perish. In his latest epistle, Christians, Beware! we read: "The Fundamentalists will triumph and will divorce Christianity from experimental science. By so doing they will ruin official Christianity." Mr. Croly sees but one alternative to this catastrophe. In brief, the alternative is that Christianity must adopt in its own activities, scientific method.

But what is scientific method? The method of experiment—of course. But how does one experiment? Descriptions of laboratory technique are not answers to that question. That question asks, is there such a thing as pure scientific method, a definite something which can be formulated, and understood, and applied apart from science itself? And if there is such a thing, what is it? Further, given the method, can it be "adapted to the art of free and harmonious living?" Mr. Croly assumes that both of these questions have been answered and in the affirmative. Where are those answers? Certainly they are not commonly known. And there are certain considerations which raise grave doubts as to the possibility of answering the second question affirmatively. A method is a means to an end. A good method is good in the nicety of its adaptation to a special end. If then scientific method is a good method, it can be adapted to the solution of religious problems only if those are of the same sort as the problems of science. Do we not ordinarily think the contrary to be true? And it should be remembered that a method for solving religious problems as problems of knowledge, is not in itself a method for living religiously. Will scientific method, whatever that may be, serve in both those fields? If Mr. Croly has the answer to these questions, let him give them to the public.

HOWARD D. ROELOFS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

[Comment on Mr. Roelofs's letter will be found in the article, *Consciousness and the Religious Life*, in this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

Mr. Stein in Rebuttal

SIR: Here are a few words in answer to the letter of Alice D. Snyder, Mr. Stein and Good Art, in the New Republic of December 16. I recognized when I saw the review in print, that the passage she referred to was not very clear, since it might easily lead the reader to irrelevant depths of cogitation. I meant nothing more by the saying than that the "how" begins further back than the "what." Il faut reculer pour mieux sauter. If I were teaching art I should do things like this. Suppose we were in a town like Cambridge. I should give each student a half-dozen consecutive houses to look at and report on. His first business would be to learn to open his eyes now and then, and "see" what was before him. He should not have to wait till he came to some "architecture." If he could get interested, architecture would have thrills for him. I do not mean to say that "architecture" should be kept from him, but that all goes together. The instruction that would precede or accompany this practice would deal with the means by which facades were made functional and effective. Modes of grouping windows, accentuating stories, differences between compact and loose arrangement, types of harmony, of simplicity and ornateness, would be illustrated. The teaching would be expository, not directive.

Even as Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady are sisters under their skins, so it is with Shakespeare and the authors of musical comedies, Milton and Mason. Several incidents in my past impressed me deeply. As a freshman I was once reading in a library alcove and burst into a laugh. A fellow-student came to see the joke and found me reading De Quincey. I heard him say

to another man, "Look at that crazy Jack. He thinks that De Quincey is funny." Of course, for him De Quincey was "literature." On one occasion a chance traveling companion looked at the book I had been reading and saw that it was Jonson's plays. Though an educated man he exclaimed at such heavy reading on the train, and could not be persuaded that Volpone and the Alchemist might be amusing. Happenings like these are common, as are the people who are going to read real "literature" when they have time. What they mean by "time" is not quite clear for they read incredible quantities of Sunday supplements, magazines, and even book reviews.

All art is Art; the "fatality" of which I wrote, is interest; Art is not art only when it is as advertised; create the need, and don't crowd the supply; masterpieces are important because they master us, rather than because we master them.

LEO STEIN.

Paris.

Workers as Owners

SIR: In your article on Agricultural Statesmanship you say: "probably not more than half the farmers of the United States are at the present moment valid owners of the land which they till." I am sorry that it should be so. But let me ask you whether or not there is any great industry where the workers are in a larger percentage the owners of the things they work with? Loggers, miners, railroad men, factory workers, do not own even half the capital they handle. Even the retailers of groceries, drugs, ten cent articles, are coming to be parts in a great chain. Even editors are coming under suspicion as lacking the independence they should have.

Another point I would call in question is your statement that "farm lands offer no further attractions to the speculator." Recent events have given land buyers, whether speculators or users a backset. An unusual amount of land is seeking a market. Men who have the nerve to buy are scarce. May it not be that it would be the part of farseeing men whether speculators or statesmen to see in good agricultural land a good investment rather than something to be depreciated. No doubt the price *was* too high but is it *now* too high? As a general rule people overdo the thing which is in vogue. Just now the cry is for Florida land or for the little spots where cities are growing beyond all reason.

HECTOR MAIBEN.

Mount Vernon, Wash.

A Gloomy View

SIR: "New York, Dec. 31—'Hip pocket' revelers in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Atlantic City and other cities will receive special attention from law enforcement agents after the Liberty Bell breaks its 90-year silence." . . . "In Atlantic City each night-club will have one detective assigned." . . . "In New York 150 special agents will be assigned." . . . "The Liberty Bell which in 1776 tolled the dawn of a new era in the history of nations," etc. . . . "The tones will be broadcasted through radio station WIP." The above excerpts are from a New York despatch of Dec. 31, 1925.

If this isn't a bit of supreme satire on our vaunted liberty then your subscriber has no sense of proportion at all. Democracy has taken the count and snoopocracy stands victorious and applauded. The spirit of Patrick Henry is gone—gone and left in its wake that of Comstock. There is no balm in Gilead—there is no fight, nor spirit of liberty left in us. Methodism, Calvinism, Puritanism, Ku Kluxism reigns supreme—liberty is in the gutter—bigotry is enthroned. The crusades of 1926 are casting their elongated and gloomy shadows over what was once democracy's stronghold. The great British journalist was right—Americans are docile.

RAY A. FRAME.

Charleston, W. Va.

Annals and Ideas

Released for Publication: Some inside political history of Theodore Roosevelt and his times, 1898-1918, by Oscar King Davis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 468 pages. \$5.

I Meet My Contemporaries, by Maximilian Harden. Translated by William C. Lawton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 287 pages. \$4.

Beyond Hatred: The democratic ideal in France and America, by Albert Guérard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 298 pages. \$3.

THERE is a strong temptation to classify these three books, all political journalism but quite distinct from each other, by a flippant metaphor: "The Reporter, The Editorial Writer, The Colyumist." In Mr. Davis's annals is an unconscious challenge. He offers "facts"; let those interpret who will. He tolerantly excludes from his own concern the "after-breakfast" men, those who do not engage in the keen and joyous game of getting the news but sit in stuffy offices and consider what facts may signify. Mr. Davis is, in the American sense, the only newspaper man of the three authors. He was the eminent Washington correspondent of the New York Times, and became the friend and confidant, finally the active assistant, of Theodore Roosevelt. His zeal for T. R. led him to resign from his paper and take on the secretaryship of the National Progressive party, and his book is largely made up of his running observations of Roosevelt and the men around him. Its limitations are those of the writer's attitude. He offers news; as long as his facts are news, they are interesting. Afterward they are a little dusty.

His exhaustive memories include a good deal of information of solid value although none of it is sensational as might be expected from the title. Roosevelt is its centre with "O. K.", the author, and his own professional triumphs, a peripheral spot of energy. T.R. was always right and the others, Taft, Hughes, Hiram Johnson, Wilson and Bryan, show their mean side in reflection from the shiny surface of the idol. The Roosevelt who is seen in more or less scattered incidents is personally noble, magnetic, and demoniac. That he was concerned with statesmanship as an intricate and desperate complex of intellectual problems, involving the future of humanity at large, is not indicated here.

As political memoirs, Mr. Davis's collection will probably find a permanent place among the annals of the minor Warwicks. Its present chief usefulness, however, may be for students of the profession of journalism. Without setting out to do so, "O. K." gives an illuminating description in the earlier part of his story of the methods, objectives and controlling standards of a first rate reporter in an arduous job.

No one will find any such help from the second book, an assembly of essays by the brilliant German polemicist, Maximilian Harden. His journalism is individual enough to be inimitable and he disdains mere facts. In this handsome volume are gathered his studies of Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Hindenburg, Stinnes, Peter of Serbia, and Lenin, with a venture in dramatic criticism apropos of Bernhardt, and a bit of more remote history called Napoleon in Adversity. Harden's mind forces a synthesis and if he has any hero worship it is confined to men whom he can identify with great principles. He stems the current of German thought, eulogizing Wilson, giving Lloyd George no worse than tolerant scorn, and understanding even the "Tiger."

In discussing the American war President he is very bitter against the manner in which early offers of mediation were received in Germany. Wilson got "only abuse and challenge from those among us who were running amok." And later, says Harden, he continued to be misunderstood with willful stupidity when he was doing what he could to prevent the destruction of the Fatherland. The myth, commonly believed in the United States even today, that Wilson was trusted by the Germans until he acceded to the terms of the Versailles treaty, is brusquely dispelled. Nor did that final deception alter Harden's judgment. "The parchment upon which treaties are written will decay. And immortality is the lot of only one conqueror—the spirit."

Hindenburg he calls "the man who really stands first on the list of the war guilty," and he paints a tragic picture of the retired mediocrity who was dragged into high place and made into a god so that the real power might have a screen and the people a faith to cling to. In Stinnes, he finds an admirable bourgeois, in Lenin a prophet whose future apotheosis will be necessary in any Russian mythology.

The translator has turned Harden's elliptical and allusive German into readable English although some passages have a curious look of having been "dictated but not read." For example, speaking of submarine warfare, "unless it is confined to a tax upon war vessels." Without the original to compare one wonders if that is homonymous for "attacks on war vessels." In the essay on Napoleon, "Fouqué" is printed where "Fouché" seems to have been intended. But these things are of no importance. The opinions of Harden are no doubt fairly rendered and even in an unfamiliar language they have the vigor and sharpness of good writing.

The editor of *Zukunft* offers eagle vision and it has the faults of too great perspective of spirit, as, on the other hand, the industrious sparrow can see only the nearest grains of truth. However, a good journal has both accurate news and striking comment.

Nowadays a good journal has also a third type of writing, comment which is presumably spiced and provocative. Mr. Guérard's book, largely reprinted from magazines, will serve to round out our metaphor although it is free from the casualness of "colyum" writing. It is called a discussion of the Democratic Ideal in France and America, but it goes afield, touching upon Nordic fallacies, the color question, international languages, classics in modern education, and the "new" history. His sprightliness does not flag even when he brings in platform anecdotes to support it. His writing is in one of the French traditions; which one will be evident from the place of Voltaire in his hierarchy. But there is no stringing of paradoxes for their own sake. The rapier can do more than glitter.

Mr. Guérard is a loyal and thoroughly acclimated adopted son of America and he is not unmindful of his duty to bring gifts. There is sound sense in his surprising contention that conformity, the result of democracy, is more offensive when enforced by social pressure than when compelled by law. He feels this as a fundamental problem because he has suffered the vagaries of mob pressure here. He says,

The law I can obey with a comforting sense of duty, like Socrates drinking the hemlock . . . When I obey the mob, which leaves me technically free, it is myself I despise . . . This is the great moral good that Prohibition has brought us. If we are to be completely or partly dried up, it is much better that we should be dried up by process of law than through the urgency of sanctimoniousness. Temperance societies, if too in-

sistent, would drive honest and sensitive souls to drink and perdition. Prohibition drives to drink only weaklings and wastrels, whose elimination is a distinct advantage to the race.

These opinions are incidental to a discussion of deeper problems. Patriotism, Mr. Guérard says, is not merely geographic, not worship for the machinery of government, and certainly not conformity to spiritual control. "Patriotism is religion; government is business." Patriotism is apart from economic prudence and social regulation; it is spiritual and not exclusive. It must be free. From this he develops his pluralistic utopias and his argument that governments must be severed from all forms of idealism. Their efforts in the spiritual world lead to chaos. Business itself wants peace and "Religion, if left alone, would easily understand that violence can only defeat the highest purposes of the spirit." The elements are precious and innocuous; the false compound is a high explosive. He is deeply concerned over the moral problem, shall we hate forever? All political thought, he says, is an attempt to find the answer.

Mr. Guérard does not need to go hunting for ideas; they bubble from him. They may not have all the wit nor all the wisdom of his master but they are all worth a pleasurable reading and a fair examination. He presses history to find if it will yield a hint for the future and he is recklessly calm in the face of his own logic.

There is political discussion in these three books for persons of widely varying tastes, but no one will be wasting time who reads them all.

LYMAN BRYSON.

The Heroes of Chautauqua

Lewis Miller: A Biographical Essay, by Ellwood Hendrick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 199 pages. \$3.

John Heyl Vincent: A Biographical Sketch, by Leon H. Vincent. New York: The Macmillan Company. 314 pages. \$3.50.

IT IS by chance that these sketches of the two founders of Chautauqua appear concomitantly, for the claims made for the two men, who worked in notable harmony, sometimes overlap. It is clear, however, that the idea, the location and the actual establishment of Chautauqua are Mr. Miller's, while the details of the programs, the inspiring personality and the dominating influence are Dr. Vincent's. The characters are very different; Mr. Miller's seems to empty into Chautauqua, Dr. Vincent's to flow into it and out of it again. The books are also dissimilar; the first is a scrap-book, as though some one had dumped the contents of a pigeon-hole into print; the second is done with felicity and charm. Both are a long way from Strachey; Mr. Hendrick's sympathy is restrained only by the obvious limitations of his subject, Mr. Vincent's by discernment and evident awareness of more notable men.

It is interesting to discover the material which went into the making of Chautauqua, with three classes in its reading circle of twenty thousand each, which Roosevelt, who lectured there, denominated "the most American thing in America." This material consists of disgust with the meagre rewards of the farm, a consequent plasterer's apprenticeship, ingenious and lucrative agricultural patents, a strong dash of German blood, a mother who wished to preserve her faculties to the last so that her children might see how a Christian could die, family prayers, devotion to the Scriptures, repeated terms at teaching country schools, singing-geography, Palestine classes, inability to procure adequate

training and undying regrets on that account, a notable experiment in Sunday-school architecture, a loyal belief in the straitened, a love of natural beauty, ardent intellectual curiosity, vigorous organizing power, a complete absence of bitterness at withheld opportunity and a superb indument of the spirit that breathes from Arnold's Rugby Chapel.

There abide in the mind of the reviewer the figures of two good men. One is a man of large means, devoting himself wholeheartedly to a philanthropic enterprise that he had deliberately stripped of any possible financial return, renouncing for its sake the charms of invention, lying exhausted on the first anniversary of its triumph from working at a pump gone wrong, quite content to have his name unmentioned—a man of whom his son-in-law, Mr. Edison, says, "I never knew anyone whose eyes reflected so much light." The other, a humble man of large ability and graciousness, moving among learned and unlearned with conscious dignity, blind to nice distinctions of thought, confident of the triumph of simple righteousness and its God, keeping therefore sturdily in the middle of the road and making it a habitable and comfortable place for the many souls who travel there. Of him his biographer finely says: "I would not venture the statement that this man was equal to any situation, merely, that through modesty, he never allowed himself to be placed in a situation that he could not command."

A. W. VERNON.

Magdalena Bach

The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach, by Esther Meynell. Garden City: Doubleday Page and Company. 183 pages. \$2.

COURAGE is needed to write as fine a book as this on the life and love of Magdalena Bach. The subject itself is one to which an author must come with quietness and almost reverent understanding. The treatment must dare to be as simple, yet as full, as the material with which it deals. Miss Meynell is an artist fitted to meet these requirements.

The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach is done with good grace, for it puts down in words much of the quiet strength in Bach's own music. From that hour when the girl who was little more than a child caught her first glimpse of the musician, when he "came forth to the Organ balcony to the Organ stairs," through the twenty-nine years she lived with him as his devoted wife, to the last moment when the great man died, the narrative flows along with the calm beauty of a Bach composition. The figure of the woman is, in truth, a contrapuntal play on the greater theme of Bach himself, who stands out the stronger because he is combined into the background and foreground of Miss Meynell's book.

Bach, the musician, who through a life of earnest work acquired a fame as one of the very greatest musicians; Bach the genius, tormented by petty bickerings from church and political officials, but subduing his troubles always by his mental and moral force; Bach the teacher, who as a master of music instructed private pupils and as Cantor of the Thomas Schule in Leipzig taught Latin and music to the boys; Bach the husband and father, stern but kind; Bach the lover, as tender after three decades of marriage as when he and the girl first were married: Magdalena knew all these Bachs, and "the little chronicle" records them faithfully in an imaginative tale which sustains the tones of truth, although the episodes are sometimes improvised on pure imagination.

It would be difficult to imagine a loftier theme for a story and it is even more of a test of strength to have developed it. Only an artist could hope to do so, and Miss Meynell has succeeded. MARGARET EVANS.

Abroad in Christianity

Foundations of Christianity, a Study in Christian Origins, by Karl Kautsky. Authorized translation from the thirteenth German edition. New York: International Publishers. 480 pages. \$4.

THE grand tour, until lately an indulgence of the idle rich, is rapidly becoming a necessity for every ambitious student of the liberal arts, a required course in post-graduate cultivation. Half a dozen councils, missions, and unions are already hard at work facilitating the "exchange" of students, like so many prisoners of war, and a benevolent millionaire has divulged a scheme by which European travel is to be made cheaper than the tuition of the politer universities. All this is very much to the good. An old injunction is current among us, the protective coloring of less palmy days, to "see America first"; but how much better it is to see America all the time! What can they know of New England who only Boston know? Many aspects of our civilization can be understood only from abroad. How much appreciation is not added, for example, to our enjoyment of the beautiful advertisements of the Crane Company's bathrooms de luxe by the discovery that in Florence great ladies inhabit villas unequipped with shower baths? Or, to pass from art to politics, who can claim truly to understand our tariff and immigration policies who has not at some time sought to invade the port of New York? These insights increase by the square of the distance. Even the most humdrum affairs—a murder in Chicago, or a lynching in Tallahassee—convey new meanings when they are reported in a foreign idiom in l'Echo de Paris. But a Hindu temple illuminates the whole interior of our civilization, while one American bishop is said to have gained a fresh revelation of the meaning of our sacrament of "coming out" by witnessing a puberty ceremonial among the Zulus.

This is what makes foreign peoples like the Eskimos and the socialists so amusing. They provide not only a new but a very distant and therefore radically altered picture of ourselves. Take our religion, for example. There is no aspect of our culture with which we are more familiar. Our holy books, the Bible, the International Sunday School Lessons, and Peloubet's Notes—all these things we have read from our youth up. Yet how many of us, in conversation with the more thoughtful residents of Moscow or Peking, would not find ourselves in Ernest Pontifex's predicament when the agnostic tinker asked him to give the story of Christ's life as recorded in each separate gospel. We know, of course, that the stories vary somewhat. Why shouldn't they? But we have never assigned such importance to their discrepancies as orthodox communists might do. When we want the exact wording of the Ten Commandments or of the Sermon on the Mount we turn to that gospel or that part of Exodus which contains our favorite version. We know what we like and let it go at that. Of course, as educated people we are not unaware of higher criticism. We have heard of J and E, and of the synoptic problem. But these textual problems and researches were all of them undertaken by Christian scholars, and it is only fair to suppose that they were satisfactorily disposed of. The unshaken adherence of all the

western peoples to Christianity is a fact to outface any theory.

Foreigners, however, are not so much impressed by unshaken adherence, since they observe it among other peoples and other gospels, and their curiosity, unaffected by pious qualms, very naturally leads them to investigate the details of the beliefs to which the exponents of capitalist civilization so unshakenly adhere. Unlike ourselves, they have read the literature of higher criticism carefully. Few Christians are as familiar with it as Comrade Kautsky. And what he sees is as much of a surprise as the Taj Mahal. In the first place, to the eyes of an intelligent socialist our Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse are completely unreliable. The evidence is overwhelming that they were not written by the men to whom they solemnly attribute themselves, that they report with the minuteness of the eye-witness scenes and speeches that could have been only legendary to the actual writers, that much of the matter is so far at variance with what we have taken it to be as to lead the later writers to those modifications and circumlocutions which confound all attempts at "synopsis," and that throughout the holy texts passages have been shamelessly forged and interpolated through the loyal piety of later copyists. In so extensive a confusion it is only fair for a socialist to inquire if these books are historical at all.

It is the opinion of Comrade Kautsky that they are not. For believing Christians these doubts have perhaps been satisfactorily dispelled by Whately's Historic Doubts, the book upon which Ernest chiefly leaned in his bouts with the unregenerate tinker. Bishop Whately satirized the doubt of Christ's historic actuality by pretending to prove with similar reasoning that Napoleon never lived. But we who have composed the bishop's public are not socialists, and therefore have remained in ignorance of many things which are quite well known in such foreign parts. For instance, few of us realize that although a fairly extensive literature existed contemporary with these divine events, no references are to be found in it to the person of the Nazarene or to the circumstances of his passion anywhere outside the literature of the Christian sect. For a true parallel we should have to suppose that all the Napoleonic literature outside France were completely wiped out: all public documents and secret archives, all political debates and editorials, all history, all biography, all poetry, all drama, all fiction, all memoirs, and the whole incalculable volume of published and unpublished letters spurlos versenkt: an unimaginable condition. Josephus, the garrulous Jewish chronicler of events synchronous with Christian history, mentions various Messiahs: a Judas of Galilee, a Theudas, an unnamed Egyptian, a Samaritan, a Bar Kochba. Jesus was a very common name among the Jews, being the Greek version of Joshua; but if there was a Joshua of Nazareth, Josephus fails to mention him, except in passages of disputed authenticity. According to Christian tradition the earth was darkened for three hours after the death on the cross. Pliny the elder was alive at this time. In his natural history there is a special chapter on eclipses. But there is no mention of this remarkable occurrence.

The authority upon which the socialist received these Christian evidences is that of the greatest Christian scholars, such men as Harnack and Pfleiderer. But his interest is naturally socialistic—and Jewish. In the Jewish literature Kautsky sees clear indications that the Jews had been a nation of urban traders and had occupied much their recent relation to the various national establishments since

the Babylonian captivity; the Semitic problem is of pre-Christian origin. In the Christian literature, accordingly, he thinks he sees a gradual veering of the winds of Christian sentiment anent the Jew as the new faith was made to appeal more explicitly to the better class of Romans, a progressive weighting of the Christian case against the Jews in successive Christian documents. Thus the Christian story of the crucifixion seems to him not the cause of the feeling against the Jews, but a monstrous expression of a still more primordial anti-Semitism. As a socialist Kautsky of course finds the early Christians to have been a primitive community of socialists, sharing their property, propagandizing unto all the world, and even, possibly, nationalizing their women. In the celibacy of our clergy we may see a relic of communist antagonism to the bourgeois family.

This is a strange land in which Comrade Kautsky writes, one where few Nordic Christians will care to linger long. But it is as interesting as any visited by Thomas Cook or Raymond Whitcomb, and we are therefore grateful to the International Publishers for having arranged the tour. It is always interesting to find out that foreigners think of us much the same as what we think of them.

C. E. AYRES.

Inadequate Biography

Madame Récamier, by Edouard Herriot. Translated by Alys Hallard. Two vols. New York: Boni and Liveright. 773 pages. \$7.50.

ON or about the 24th of April, 1793, Mlle. Juliette Bernard, aged 15, became the wife of Jacques Rose Récamier, banker, aged 42, who was old enough to be, and who may in fact have been, her father. The marriage was never consummated. Indeed, it is supposed that Mme. Récamier went a virgin to her grave. She inhabited the same house with her husband for twenty-six years, until she moved to a suite in a convent with her niece in 1819. Twice in the seventy-two years of her life she fell passionately in love, once with Prince Augustus of Prussia, the nephew of Frederick the Great, and the second time with Chateaubriand, "the most illustrious of living men." In both cases her love was violently reciprocated. She was the object of the love of at least ten other men, all of them of great distinction—Lucien Bonaparte, Adrien de Montmorency, Matthieu de Montmorency, Benjamin Constant, Prosper de Barante, Auguste de Staël, Pierre Simon Ballanche, the Duke of Wellington, Jean-Jacques Ampère, Paul David. Of all except three of these, Bonaparte, Wellington and Constant, she made life-long friends.

In spite of the fact that her husband failed twice, and that she was early left with a very small fortune, she kept the most distinguished salon in Paris for over fifty years, under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire—until her exile—the Restoration, the Hundred Days, under Louis XVIII, Charles X, Louis-Philippe, even until the Second Republic, and her death. During the Empire, Napoleon remarked that "he should look upon any foreigner who frequented Mme. Récamier's salon as his personal enemy." And yet, in spite of the liberal tendencies which she shared with her most intimate friend, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Récamier made equally welcome people of all parties. Her exile, because of her intimacy with Mme. de Staël, seems now a silly gesture on the part of Napoleon. But it illustrates the aphorism that every really practical tyrant must be petty. Naturally one tends to agree with Chateau-

briand's remark on his own banishment five days later, "Bonaparte descends to play the part of a teasing school-boy." But perhaps he had to. This phase of Mme. Récamier's history serves to make the Emperor more real, if less imperial, than he ordinarily appears to the casual reader of history.

She must have been very beautiful, and internationally so, for she conquered London and Rome as well as Paris. "The double charm," wrote Chateaubriand, "is to be found in her of the maiden and the loving woman. She seduces like Venus, and inspires like the Muse. One falls at her feet in love with her, and one is held there by respect." Her physical attraction, revealed largely through the letters of her admirers, impresses itself so deeply on one, and yet so unconsciously, that one is surprised to feel an actual sense of sadness, when one reads on page 169 of the second volume: "Juliette's hair was beginning to turn white now." She was fifty-one, and men still loved her.

They did more than that; they worshipped her. Even those who met her only after she was fifty came under her influence. She compelled people to admire, as she admired, Chateaubriand. Sainte-Beuve was one, and he wrote: "She chained us all to the feet of her statue with a golden chain." Balzac, who only saw her once or twice, it is said, made her the heroine of *La Peau de Chagrin*, and read it to her. In her salon enemy met enemy and were friends. Men, court-martialed, and about to be shot for political intrigue, were reprieved, because of her interference. And her power was apparently the power of simple kindness.

"And so," wrote the Comtesse de Boigne to her, "it is because you are kind that you have turned so many heads and made so many unfortunate men desperate. They have no idea of this, but it is nevertheless true." And that is what M. Herriot makes one think. She was a saint with the reputation of a cruel coquette.

What I think of M. Herriot is quite another matter. He has, as a Lyons man, written the biography of the great Lyons woman. It is a compilation of much interesting material. It is none of it witty. What M. Herriot has written is little more than accurate footnotes, though printed in the text, to his material. They are not, in any sense, literature. I am inclined to think it is the wrong way to write any biography. I am certain it is the wrong way to write the biography of one of the most charming women that ever lived.

M. E. F.

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